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SURREY ARCHEOLOGICAL SOCIETY.—A SPECIAL GENERAL MEETING will be held on THURSDAY, the 22nd inst., at the BRIDGE HOUSE HOTEL, Southwark, to consider and decide upon a proposal, recently made to the Council, to the effect that the Society's operations be extended to the County of Kent. The chair will be taken at Two o'clock, by JOHN LOCKE, Esq., J.C., M.P., Vice-President. The meeting being special, subscribing members only can take part in the proceedings.
By order of the Council.
GEO. BISH WEBB, Honorary Secretary.
Council Room, 6, Southampton-street, Covent-garden, 5th October 1857.

KENT ARCHEOLOGICAL SOCIETY.
President.—THE MARQUESS CAMDEN, K.G.
Vice-Presidents.—
THE EARL OF ABERGAVENNY.
THE EARL AMHERST.
THE EARL DAINLEY.
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At a meeting of noblemen and gentlemen favourable to the formation of a KENT ARCHEOLOGICAL SOCIETY, held at Mereworth Castle on Saturday, Sept. 19th, 1857, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:
I. That a Society be formed, to be called THE KENT ARCHEOLOGICAL SOCIETY.
II. That the Marquess Camden, K.G., be President thereof.
III. That the Members of either House of Parliament shall, on becoming Members of the Society, be placed on the List of Vice-Presidents.
IV. That the Rules of the Sussex Archaeological Society, having been already tested by experience, be adopted by this Society.
V. That a Committee be formed, with instructions to apply to all those who are supposed to be favourable to the objects of this Society, to invite them to become original members without the ballot.
VI. That the said Committee be instructed to consider and report to a General Meeting any alteration in the Rules that may appear to be necessary for the success of the Society.
VII. That the said General Meeting be summoned as soon as the Committee are prepared with their Report, and that the Rules then be submitted for final approval.
VIII. That the Rev. Lambert B. Larking be the Honorary Secretary.

The following names have been already received:—
The Earl of Abergavenny.
The Countess of Abergavenny.
The Earl Amherst.
Rev. F. Baldwin, Berstead.
F. Bennoch, Esq.
The Lady Isabella Bligh.
Rev. W. Moore Brabazon.
Sir Brook Bridges, Bart, M.P.
The Marquess Camden, K.G.
James Crosby, Esq., F.S.A.
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Rev. Lambert B. Larking.
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Rev. M. Onslow, Rural Dean, East Peckham.
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TO SUBSCRIBERS.

An accident has prevented the publication of a stamped edition of to-day's CRITIC. Readers in the country whose copies bear a postage-stamp instead of the impressed stamp are informed that this irregularity will not again occur.

THE CRITIC, London Literary Journal.

THE LITERARY WORLD :

ITS SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

WHILST the world is agitated with tragedies abroad and tragedies at home (and it is strange how a great bloodshed in one part of the world cheapens the value of human life in any other), it is pleasant to behold a gathering of some of the first minds in England, met for the moral and intellectual advancement of their fellows. The meeting at Birmingham of the National Association for the Promotion of Social Science is not one of those events which are likely to pass away without producing some fruit. The character of the men of whom it was composed, and the business-like manner in which the whole affair was carried out, are very good guarantees that the week spent in the smoky capital of our manufacturing industry will not be wasted. One question which we cannot help asking is—what has become of the new member for the Musket, Mr. BRIGHT? Why did he neglect such a splendid opportunity for making his bow to his new constituency?

It must not be supposed that the meeting was the result of any sudden movement; it is the logical and legitimate consequence of a series of efforts which have been made under the auspices of Lord BROUGHAM in the same direction—efforts having for their object the advancement of moral and political science. The splendid opening speech delivered by Lord BROUGHAM was the best possible statement of the objects which he and his associates have in view; and that we commend to the notice of our readers. Majestic in diction, clear in its logic, and full of matter, it was an intellectual exhibition worthy of BROUGHAM's best days.

On Monday the 5th, the London and Middlesex Archaeological Society held another of its delightful picnics in search of knowledge. This time the locality selected was Hampton Court. In another page our readers will find a full account of this most enjoyable expedition.

The New York *Publishers' Circular* of September 26th once more refers to the subject of international copyright. Upon the authority of the Washington correspondent of the *St. Louis Republican*, it is stated that LORD NAPIER intends to bring this question under the notice of the American Government. "He is now (says the correspondent) procuring statistical information and consulting all our publishers, and he feels confident that a tariff so moderate and just may be agreed upon between the two Governments, that it must meet the approbation of the entire book-trade of the whole country. I learn that the leading feature of this proposition will be—to secure to authors a small tariff, say five cents on the volume, for all copies sold of the republication of a foreign work."

Small enough! and vague enough—if the tariff is to be levied upon all volumes alike, irrespective of value. The *Publishers' Circular*, in commenting upon this scheme, observes that "the great obstacle hitherto to a successful disposition of the matter, has arisen from the extravagant and unreasonable demands of the friends of an international copyright. They have started with the assumption that the author of an English book ought to have secured to him, by American law, an absolute and complete control over its republication in this country; and they have based this claim upon the principle that an author has just as perfect a title to the book he has written as the shoemaker had to a pair of boots he had made." Well, though the comparison be rather "odorous," there is nothing like leather after all, and we really do not altogether appreciate the distinction between the shoemaker making the best for himself out of the work of his hands, and the author doing likewise out of the work of his. But, continues the *Publishers' Circular*, with more than American naïveté, "this principle, it is scarcely necessary to say, is one which has never been recognised in the laws of any country—the right of property which an author has in a published book being always created

by statute, and limited in extent to the country making the law, and in duration at the discretion of the law-making power." Admirably reasoned! So that, because the property in a book is created by statute, it is therefore founded upon a principle not recognised by law. *Ergo*, all statutes are, in principle, opposed to the law. We recommend the editor of the *Publishers' Circular* to take another look at his STORY. He will find that there are more crimes besides book-stealing which are only recognised by the Statute Law. But the *Publishers' Circular* has no objection, after all, "to secure to the author in either country some fair share of the profits of the reprint of his book in the other." So, then, there is such a thing as a fair share of profit due to the author: a "fair share," mind you, that is to say, a just and legal share, and not a gift or alms from the pirating publisher to the author. But who is to judge of the fairness of the share? If the author have any right to a share, it must rest upon the same grounds as his property in his book does in this country—a right of ownership; but that includes a right to fix his own price. Has not the writer in the *Publishers' Circular* reasoned himself into a slight dilemma here?

As a curious example of the present working of the no-copyright state of things, we may take the case of Mr. RUSKIN's volume on "The Elements of Drawing." Messrs. BANGS, BROTHERS, and Co. announce for sale "the original English edition, at a reduced price," whilst Messrs. WILEY and HALSTED offer the same work for three-fifths of the price of the original English edition at a reduced price. Upon inquiry, we have ascertained that Messrs. BANGS are really in possession of genuine English copies; so it appears that if an American publisher has the honesty to purchase the genuine article, he is sure to be undersold by a less scrupulous rival.

The New York *Tribune* for Sept. 19th supplies a few facts which will serve to give some idea of the importance of the American book trade. The results of the Trade Sale held by the New York Publishers' Association for the present season amounted altogether to 60,000l., divided among nearly 250 buyers, "nearly all of whom were from the smaller towns." Messrs. APPLETON's list alone amounted to nearly 4500l. Messrs. DERBY and JACKSON sold 383 sets of the "Library of Standard Fiction," consisting altogether of 12,256 volumes, and containing the works of BUNYAN, STERNE, SMOLLETT, FIELDING, MISS BURNES, HANNAH MORE, ANNE RADCLIFFE, and others. Mr. J. B. PETERSON sold 5647 volumes of DICKENS's works. Estimating the other trade sales held in different parts of the Union, it is calculated that the total value of the books sold at these sales during the month is about 120,000l.; and this is altogether irrespective of retail sales. It will be seen that the book trade in America is not a trifling one.

Telegram, or *telegraph*, or *telegraphic dispatch*; which of these phrases is properly applicable to the messages which are flashed about by WHEATSTONE's grand invention? This is the great question which occupies the attention of our statesmen and our journalists, whilst India cries for help, and our sisters writhe beneath the fangs of the Bengal tiger. To throw light upon this knotty point, there has been an infinite amount of correspondence. "Grammaticus," "An Oxford First-Class Man," "M.A.," and a crowd of similar disputants, have helped to muddle the controversy, with much dogmatism and more pedantry. From the one side photograph, lithograph, *et omne quod exiit in graph*, have been hurled at us; and from the other anagram, epigram, and other words ending in *gram*. We have yet to learn, however, that philologists have discovered any distinct rule by which we English construct the words which we borrow from the Greek or any other language; and as a host of authorities can be produced on either side, the mere quotation of words must leave the matter just where it stood. Every schoolboy knows that *γράφω* signifies "a word," and that *γράφω* stands for the verb active, "to write." Following the strict reasoning of the matter, therefore, it seems right to derive all words signifying words in any form from *γράφω*, and all signifying the act of delineation from *γράφω*. But this is not followed; for we have *paragraph* and others. We do not think, therefore, that it can be said that *telegram* is wrong. But was it needed? Some say it was, in order to avoid the necessity for using the double word *telegraphic dispatch*—the word *telegraph* being already monopolised by the instrument by which

the messages are transmitted. The credit for this philological invention is given to an ingenious young gentleman in the Foreign Office, and this certainly speaks volumes for the working of the competitive examination system. To some extent, however, it reminds us of the notable achievement performed by the Metropolitan Board of Works, which, when all London was eagerly waiting for cleansed sewers and well-purged drains, solemnly met together and *re-christened the streets*. As if HERCULES, instead of turning the river Alpheus into the stables, had said: "Be no longer called Augean, but stables of the Hesperides!"

We are indebted to a correspondent who signs "Grammaticus" for a very interesting communication concerning the crimes against grammar committed by a contemporary who sets up for the most prudish of purists. The sins of the writer referred to are plainly past redemption. "Neither," when used with reference to one of three things, is very bad indeed; "other Louis's and Richelieu's," is still worse. Our correspondents must, however, understand that we do not set ourselves up as censors of other journalists. We deplore the decadence of the language, and believe that the loss of its purity is mainly due to the exertions of able editors. But, at the same time, we recognise the extreme difficulty (impossibility would probably be the better word) of writing the English language with perfect accuracy; and all that we meant to do was, to protest against the assumption of a censorial place on the part of one who is constantly offending in his own proper person.

One word more *anent* the unhappy difference between Mr. WILLIAM BLANCHARD JERROLD and the "Remembrance Committee." The mouth-pieces of the latter have given a *coup de grace* by the following letter, which speaks for itself:

We knew our forbearing and delicate reference to Mr. Jerrold's affairs—forced upon us by exaggerations with which we had been repeatedly met, and which the son had never contradicted—to be perfectly accurate, and we knew his statement of them to be highly incorrect. We are extremely sorry to be obliged to produce proof of this; but it is necessary to the clearance of our good faith and that of the gentlemen associated with us. We have before us, under date the second of the present month, a letter from the solicitor to the late Mr. Jerrold's estate (a gentleman well known in his profession—Mr. Ashurst of the Old Jewry), in which, after mentioning that there is a life assurance of a thousand pounds, which is Mrs. Jerrold's absolutely, and which the estate cannot claim, he informs the correspondent to whom his communication is addressed, "that he cannot understand Mr. Blanchard Jerrold's reason for writing this unfortunate letter;" that he thinks "he and his family ought to be set right on the matter;" and that, if a certain claim be urged of which he has received the particulars, "the facts and figures show that the estate will be absolutely insolvent."

The claim referred to is understood to be one which an eminent firm of publishers has brought up, in consequence of Mr. WILLIAM BLANCHARD JERROLD's flourishing account of his father's estate. It is but fair to Mr. WILLIAM BLANCHARD JERROLD to believe that he was not aware of the true state of the case when he volunteered his statement; but that does not mend his case much, for it is an open question whether the man who deliberately states an untruth is more culpable than he who, without sufficient information, volunteers a statement which is plainly injurious to those to whom a debt of gratitude is due. At the conclusion of their letter, Messrs. CHARLES DICKENS and ARTHUR SMITH say that they have "done with the subject for ever"—and so also have we.

The ennobled author—the magnificent exception to the conventional degradation of literature—inherits his newly-assumed honours, by throwing a bone to the multitude. Lord MACAULAY vouchsafes a cheap edition of that splendid torso—his history. What is meant by cheap, is an edition at six shillings per volume. This is what a learned contemporary calls "obliging the Commons he has left with a new edition at the people's prices." We fancy, however, that the price will have to go down still lower before it reaches the level of the *people's purse*. The same contemporary bathetically observes that "some men (but those are narrow-minded men) are delighted to retain a high price for their works, as if the market value of a copy was equal to the market value of a copyright." Is not this a dig at Mr. CARLYLE? But Mr. CARLYLE consents to give a cheap edition of his "Life of Cromwell." *Appropos* of this, people are asking what has become of the "Life of Frederick

the Great," and report says that it has so grown beyond the expectations of its author, that it will be published in batches, the first to make its appearance shortly. To revert for a moment to Lord MACAULAY, we hope that neither his peerage nor his cheap edition will make him relax in his labours towards the completion of this task. An unfinished work is but a poor gift after all; and, if wilfully left so, is a kind of fraud upon buyers. Remembering where the fourth volume ends, Lord MACAULAY has a mighty task yet before him.

The publishers' announcements give us something to think about. Messrs. LONGMAN, in addition to the cheap edition of Lord MACAULAY's "History," promise a work which seems likely to be of surpassing interest; no less than an account of the revolutions of 1848 by the veteran statesman and diplomatist, Lord NORMANBY. It will be remembered that the noble author was our ambassador at the court of France when LOUIS PHILIPPE was driven from his throne, and that he had, consequently, the very best possible means of seeing behind the scenes of the revolution which then agitated France. Lord NORMANBY will also probably give us some account of the arts whereby the present ruler of France came into power, and it is more than likely that his view will not be very favourable to "the chosen of December." The liberality of his Lordship's views, which has been manifested upon many and very great occasions—in the great struggle for Reform, and in the emancipation of the slaves, and which caused O'CONNELL to say of him that "he was the best Englishman Ireland ever saw"—insures a broad and comprehensive treatment of this important subject. Messrs. LONGMAN also promise an historical sketch by Mr. JAMES HUTTON, to be called "A Hundred Years Ago," and a volume entitled "A Month in the Forests of France," by the Hon. GRANTLEY F. BERKELEY. The latter is a reprint of a series of articles contributed by this excellent and well-known sportsman to *The Field, the Country Gentleman's Newspaper*. The same publishers also announce a selection of MOORE's poems, to be illustrated by eminent artists. Mr. BENTLEY promises a new novel, "The Ruling Passion"—an ambiguous title enough, for moralists have never yet determined whether love, selfishness, avarice, or ambition, can be so considered. To the cheap series will also be added "Our Antipodes," by General MUNDT. Apparently Mr. BENTLEY has succeeded in convincing Mr. CHARLES READE that there is virtue in cheap editions; for, after fighting each other tooth and nail in the Vice-Chancellor's Court, author and publisher have become sufficiently reconciled to bring out in conjunction one of the most charming additions

to cheap literature, in the shape of "The Course of True Love never did Run Smooth." Messrs. CONSTABLE will give a volume of "Letters from Cannes and Nice," by MARGARET MARIA BREWSTER. Messrs. GRIFFIN issue a list, comprising many promises of scientific, religious, and general interest. Among these we notice "A Dictionary of the Natural Sciences," by Dr. BAIRD, of the British Museum; a "Handbook of the Science and Practice of Medicine," by Dr. AITKEN; a "Manual of Applied Mechanics," by W. J. MACQUORN RANKINE, President of the Institute of Engineers in Scotland; "Zoological Recreations," by W. J. BRODERIP, Esq., F.R.S.; a "Treatise on Glossology," by Sir JOHN STODDART; a condensation of SCOTT and HENRY's "Commentary on the Holy Scriptures," by Dr. MAC FARLANE, with tinted engravings by DAVID ROBERTS, R.A.; and a new edition of the miscellaneous works of GOLDSMITH, with a memoir by Professor SPALDING. Messrs. WARD and LOCK promise a contribution to the drawing-room table, in the shape of an elegant folio volume of outline engravings, the subjects chosen from "Paradise Lost," and executed after the manner of FLAXMAN's compositions, by Mr. J. J. FLATTERS.

Among other literary promises which have not yet taken the definite form of advertisement, we have a rumour that Mr. G. H. LEWES is preparing for republication his admirable series of "Sea-side Studies," which have lately appeared in the pages of *Blackwood*. We have good authority for saying that Mr. LEWES, who deserves better than most men the compliment of *nihil tetigit quod non ornavit*, has followed out the interesting subject of marine zoology in a manner which has really conduced to the increase of human knowledge.

The 1st of November will see the first number of Mr. THACKERAY's new work, to which everyone is looking forward anxiously. If that report be true, which says that this great and original writer will once more, as in the case of "Esmond," degrade his master-hand into doing mere copyist work, we anticipate that more profit than fame will accrue from "The Virginians."

The advent of a new weekly paper of the first class is an event in both the political and the literary worlds. *The Statesman*, which is the name of the new comer, bids fair to take its place beside the best of those journals which form a class by themselves, and which may be called weekly reviews rather than anything else. Its politics are rationally liberal, advocating whatever may seem beneficial to the State without respect of parties. To uphold the constitution, enlarge the franchise until it corresponds with the intelligence of the community, amend the defects in the representative system, support

commercial reform, and in the development of municipal bodies, promote the cause of education, foster our political alliance with foreign constitutional nations, and oppose dynastic influences—these are among the objects which the founders of *The Statesman* propose to themselves. Its motto is fitly chosen from COLERIDGE's abiding truth, that "The three great ends which a statesman ought to propose to himself in the government of a nation are—Security to possessors; facility to acquirers; and hope to all."

We have also the announcement of a new magazine, which is to be called the "New Atlantic Monthly," and will be supported by writers on both sides of the Atlantic. Among the English names announced as being connected with the scheme, we find those of Mrs. GASKELL, Messrs. WILKIE COLLINS, SHIRLEY BROOKS, E. M. WHITTY, and JAMES HANNAY. The leading Americans are, Mrs. H. B. STOWE, Messrs. PRESCOTT, EMERSON, LONGFELLOW, HAWTHORNE, LOWELL, and WHIFFLE. The promoters invite the attention of authors to the scheme, assuring them that "all articles received will be carefully examined, and, if accepted, will be liberally paid for." Let us hope that this collaboration of English and American talent may not be without effect upon the international copyright question.

To those who are fond of the curiosities of advertising, we recommend the following specimen, culled from the columns of an American literary journal:

THE MOST STUPENDOUS WORK SINCE THE FLOOD!!! 3,427,918,615 copies ordered in advance!!! Publication necessarily postponed until 12 o'clock A.M. Monday, September 8th, 1857!!!—With profound emotion the publishers announce that the overwhelming number of orders (the raising the money to pay the postage on which has undoubtedly created the present panic in moneyed circles) already received for their new book, absolutely compels the postponement for a century of its publication. Meanwhile they beg to assure the public that they are sparing no pains to insure a full supply at that time, however large may be the demand. They have contracted for the immediate building of 50,000 power presses!! and have effected a lease of the well-known Niagara Falls, to furnish power for running them. By working these presses thirty-six hours a day, not excepting Sundays and Fourth of July's (this being evidently a case of necessity), they hope, after getting a century's start, to keep up with the demand. Of course language is entirely inadequate to convey any idea of the qualities of this magni-stupendi-stupendification work. A convention of the literary men of the country (connected with the press) will be immediately called to endeavour by their united genius to prepare a notice which shall do justice to this—(we cannot write "great," for that word doesn't begin to express enough) this grandiferos work!!!!!!" L.

ENGLISH LITERATURE.

SCIENCE AND ART.

Visit of the London and Middlesex Archaeological Society to Hampton Court.

Our readers will bear in mind that not many weeks back this young but hard-working society paid a visit to the Tower of London, and explored those parts of the ancient fortress which are not usually patent to the public. On Monday, the 5th inst., the members paid a visit to Hampton Court, which, owing to the exertions of a Committee of the Council intrusted with the arrangements, and to the kindness and courtesy of the officials having charge of the palace and gardens, passed off very satisfactorily.

Hampton Court is known to every Londoner, whether his tastes be archaeological or artistic, or whether he be simply an admirer of whatever is abstractedly beautiful. It is one of the best excuses for a holiday that we Cockneys have, and we certainly do not neglect to avail ourselves of it very frequently, to the infinite disgust of the aristocratic pensioners who are permitted to inhabit the palace, and who appear to consider it their own private property. Whether as an adjunct to a trip to Richmond, or taken *per se*—whether the visitor travel from London by trap or van through the verdant glades of Bushey, or approaches the old dwelling of Wolsey by the branch railroad which has been constructed for the sole purpose of enabling him to do so—the trip to Hampton Court is a favourite one both with gentle and simple.

The visit of the London and Middlesex Archaeological Society had, however, a higher purpose than mere amusement. The company assembled in the Great Hall shortly after mid-day, when the Rev. T. Hugo proceeded to address them. The committee, he said, had not deemed it advisable to address long papers to the assembled company, but rather, during their progress through the building, to point out those objects which were most worthy of notice, and to state those facts as to the time of the erection of the different portions of the building on which there might be some difference of opinion, from a want of proper investigation—although, thanks to the labours of Mr. Henry Cole, better known to most of his audience as Felix Summerly, and the publication of his *Handbook to Hampton Court Palace*, everybody now had an opportunity for a small sum of making themselves acquainted with every portion of the palace, and all matters connected with it. He said that no remains could be traced of any building prior to the time of Wolsey, although, from the Manor of Hampton having been obtained from the Knights Hospitallers by Cardinal Wolsey, it was highly probable that there had been prior to the grant some religious house, either on the spot or in the immediate neighbourhood. The Cardinal, one of the first architects of his day, having chosen this pleasant spot for his palace, commenced building in 1515. In June 1525 he surrendered it into the possession of the Crown. The King probably did not like people to consider it entirely the

work of his minister; but, thinking it rather a creditable design, in all convenient spots placed the initials and arms of himself and his queens. There was conclusive evidence in the accounts of the workmen which were still extant (which he would now go into), that, in 1531, the twenty-second year of the reign of Henry VIII., preparations were made for removing the old hall, and laying the foundations of the present structure, which appears to have been finished about four years afterwards. And he would call their attention to the fact that the hall they were then assembled in, generally ascribed to Cardinal Wolsey, formed no part of Wolsey's palace, and, indeed, was not commenced until five years after the Cardinal had given up Hampton Court to Henry VIII., in exchange for the Manor of Richmond. The hall still retained most of its original features and ornaments. It was right to mention that the stained glass had been most judiciously restored by Mr. Williment, in 1846—and so well, that, if we were not aware of its having been so, we might have considered it a part of the original work—the modern and ancient "harnessing" of these windows being nearly identical in character.

Mr. White then proceeded to explain some interesting points in the construction of the roof, after which the company proceeded to the withdrawing room adjoining, where a fine carved oak mantelpiece is placed, interesting, not only for itself, but on account of its having let into the front of it one of the few portraits we have of

Wolsey in con- eye. very a proceed the mo out by to be r cautie and up were a and the be tu paraso conver being rooms official The where pointed Mr. G ment h tecture sserted and he did so. The gloomy pal cou of the palace the ol (among myrtle by Sir the elat side of other p meeting officials of the visited. Tayler, Thos. The re pliment also du had be could n by nam æologic acting illness contrib Am ing:— F.S.A. Christ buck, Hugo, Dr. P. Rose, H. Sn Esq., I Thu fluenc It is tr accust of bar honour finery shower zeal, bonnet after a the yo at all and " fidenc them not the object lightn junior wont t rate, t and M please wet, b her sa As beauti our no to the After engine and t nymph

Wolsey, taken in profile, as all his portraits were, in consequence, it is said, of his having lost an eye. After examining the tapestries, which are very ancient and highly interesting, they next proceeded to the state apartments, where some of the most interesting of the pictures were pointed out by different members of the committee. It is to be regretted that, notwithstanding the repeated cautions of the officials and others at the bottom and upon the stairs, that no parasols or umbrellas were allowed to be taken into these apartments and that any person infringing these rules would be turned back, some ladies concealed their parasols, and consequently had to suffer the inconvenience (we may almost say disgrace) of being paraded the whole way back through the rooms they had passed, accompanied by an official.

The company next proceeded to the chapel, where the Rev. T. Hugo, Mr. White, and others, pointed out many beauties and eccentricities. Mr. George Godwin regretted that the Government had not yet assisted the effect of the architecture by having stained glass and tracery inserted in the present white blanks of windows, and hoped that it would not be long before they did so.

The north front in Tennis-court-lane and the gloomy little passages between it and the principal courts (which are some of the oldest portions of the building, having been the offices of Wolsey's palace); the gardens, the wonderful vine, some of the old plants brought over by William III. (amongst which is an enormous small-leaved myrtle); the eastern and southern fronts, built by Sir Christopher Wren for William and Mary, the elaborate iron panels and gates forming the side of the bowling-alley, the tennis-court, and other parts, were visited in succession; and the meeting terminated by a vote of thanks to the officials, without whose assistance many portions of the palace and grounds could not have been visited. A vote of thanks was proposed by Mr. Taylor, and agreed to unanimously, to the Rev. Thos. Hugo, for his exertions during the day. The rev. gentleman, in acknowledging the compliment, said that the thanks of the meeting were also due to the members of the Committee, who had been indefatigable in their exertions; and he could not forbear from mentioning one gentleman by name, Mr. H. W. Sass, whose artistic and archaeological knowledge, together with his kindness in acting as Secretary to the Committee during the illness of the Secretary of the Society, had mainly contributed to their gratification on that day.

Among the members present were the following:—The Rev. G. R. Adam, Charles Bailly, Esq., F.S.A., Edward Baxendell, Esq., the Rev. H. Christmas, M.A., F.R.S., F.S.A., R. H. Clutterbuck, Esq., J. H. Hammond, Esq., the Rev. Thos. Hugo, M.A., F.S.A., F.L.S., J. H. Le Keux, Esq., Dr. Purland, E. R. Rigby, Esq., Mr. Alderman Rose, H. B. Sandell, Esq., H. W. Sass, Esq., C. H. Smith, Esq., J. G. Smither, Esq., W. Taylor, Esq., F.S.S., Alfred White, Esq., F.L.S., &c.

Thus terminated, in spite of the adverse influences of the weather, a most enjoyable picnic. It is true that we observed some ladies who, not accustomed to rural excursions, and unmindful of barometrical warnings, had determined to do honour to the occasion in all their summer finery. The consequence was, that the frequent showers considerably affected their archaeological zeal, for their anxiety respecting their new bonnets more than counterbalanced their thirst after antiquities. It was also to be observed that the younger members of the party did not seem at all disposed to withhold from the quiet glades and "bosky nooks" of Hampton those sweet confidences which young parties usually intrust them with; and perhaps to these the Maze was not the least interesting among the archaeological objects visited. The reader will remember the lightness, not to say contempt, with which the junior members of Mr. Oldbuck's family were wont to treat his antiquarian pursuits. At any rate, the majority of the members of the London and Middlesex Archaeological Society seemed pleased with their picnic, and returned to town, wet, but not weary, just as night was drawing her sable curtain over the avenues of Bushey.

As we drove along the great avenue of that beautiful park, two facts forced themselves upon our notice, one relating to the fountain and one to the deer. The former is not yet playing. After an immense expenditure, the Government engineers have not succeeded in drawing water; and there stands Diana, with her attendant nymphs (or, as a flyman once told us, as he

lionised Bushey from his box, "Diana and her daughters"), with not so much water as could hide her from the gaze of any modern Actæon. Surely the Circumlocution Office might discover some one sufficiently versed in the laws of hydrostatics to bid these waters flow. As the case at present stands, the people in the neighbourhood give faithful credence to the popular tradition, that the spirit of the unpaid architect ('tis said that he was cheated of his bill) watches over and curses the work.

As for the deer, we believe that the Ranger is entitled to keep a head of 500 in Bushey. A greater number would, of course, be very expensive to the nation. Now, as we passed up the park, it so happened that the herds were collected beneath the giant chestnut trees which form the great avenue, and were busily engaged in devouring the fruit, which they love much, and we venture to say that there were at least a thousand head in sight. This is an abuse, and should be seen to. It is probably the fault of the keepers and foresters, who, doubtless, have a taste for venison, and no objection to the guineas with which the donees of haunches are wont to fee them. But meanwhile John Bull has to pay the piper. We seem fated to turn up an abuse whenever we accompany the London and Middlesex Archaeological Society. Last time it was the Koh-i-Noor diamond; now it is the deer in Bushey.

HISTORY.

The History of the Consulate and the Empire. By M. A. Thiers. Translated by John Stebbing, Esq. (Willis and Sotherton.) Vol. X.—An excellent translation of Thiers's famous history, recommended also by its small price and its handsome library form. This volume carries down the history to the year 1813. It is to be completed in seventeen volumes. It has been already reviewed in the original. All will be glad to possess a good translation.

The Conquest of Canada, by Major Warburton, M.P., author of "Hochelaga" (Bentley), has been published in a cheap form, for railway reading. It is the best narrative we possess of one of the most interesting events in our history.

The second volume of the new edition of Mr. Jesse's *Memoirs of the Court of England under the Stuarts*, has been introduced by Mr. Bohn into his "Historical Library," and therefore is easily accessible. Like Miss Strickland's "Lives of the Queens," it is anecdotal, the author having laboriously collected from all accessible sources every scrap of information relating to the Court and the people, always preferring such as throw light upon the manners and characteristics of the times. It is not so much a history as a series of biographies; for the plan adopted in this volume is to devote one or more chapters to a single personage: thus, among those here commemorated are Henrietta Maria, Henry of Gloucester, the Duke of Buckingham, the Earl of Strafford, Archbishop Laud, Lord Falkland, Sir Kenelm Digby, Sir John Suckling, the dwarf Sir Jeffery Hudson, and Oliver Cromwell. Portraits are introduced of many of them.

SCIENCE.

Stones of the Valley. By the Rev. W. S. Symonds, F.G.S., Author of "Old Stones," and President of the Malvern Natural History Field Club. London: Bentley. 1857.

This is a work which indicates the progress which geology is making as a popular study. It treats of the characteristics of a particular neighbourhood—the Malvern district. It does not advance any new or startling theory; but, as a collection of local facts, carefully collated with more general evidence, it is a valuable contribution to the commonwealth of science. Before we proceed to examine the book, it seems almost due to the author to give the following extract, in which many will find a parallel case who have sought in geology or kindred sciences pursuits more congenial than classic retrospections.

I do not think it possible for any one to enter upon the study of geology with ideas more adverse or opinions more prejudiced than when, nearly fifteen years ago, I first took up Sir Charles Lyell's "Principles." I had left college, as too many others leave it, without a single idea concerning the common things of everyday life, or the slightest knowledge of any one of God's works, when I was thrown into the society of

one, whose memory I shall ever prize, who directed my attention to the wondrous history of the stones of the field, the birds of the air, and the "gnats above the summer stream." One day, after telling me a strange tale respecting a drifted pebble, which, he said, was carried by ice from Norway or Lapland, my friend invited me to examine his geological collection. I have sundry misgivings that I did not understand the term *geological*. . . . I shall not easily forget the first fossil I ever examined. The first fossil was the impression of the wing of an enormous dragon-fly that lived in the days of the lias, and every nerve of this beautiful specimen was imprinted on the hard stone, and the fretted network of the wing was perfect as that of a newly-captured insect. . . . Hundreds of fossil shells were ranged upon the shelves, and among them coiled and serpent-looking forms which geologists call ammonites, though I then took them for fossil snakes. Nor were the vegetable remains of the lias absent; and I well remember specimens of petrified wood; also leaves of the fossil fern (*Otopteris obtusa*), the veins of which were as distinct as the nerves of the aforesaid dragon-fly. . . . The thought haunted me as I walked homewards that God must have created the stony relics I had just looked upon, and created them as *living, moving, breathing* creatures. The insects must have once revelled in the air, the fish roamed in the sea, river, or lake, and the ferns have received nourishment, as ferns do now, from the constituents of the land. Would it not, therefore, be well to inquire into their history, and to know whether this geology was true or false? I borrowed Sir Charles Lyell's "Principles," and much experience in personal investigation and practical field work has convinced me that the "testimony graven upon the rocks" is bound to prove convincing where there is diligent and candid inquiry. A person cannot help believing where there is sufficient and tangible evidence, and ought not to believe where there is not. Belief in the facts of geology is no voluntary thing, dependent on men's will; for it is not possible for any one with common sense, common eyes, and common honesty, practically to investigate the evidence furnished by this science for ten years, nay for two, and to deny or question truths of which he has received such real and sensible demonstration."

Mr. Symonds then proceeds, after some few generalisations, to consider the geological appearances of his own district, together with those indications of organic life, all which together serve to illustrate the science in its wider bearings. Let us not undervalue local facts, even when they are repetitions of more general truth, if they are asserted and arranged with judgment and precision. It is from such *data* that the patient investigator may reasonably hope to make *sound* deductions. For such purpose is Mr. Symonds's book useful, and will, we hope, be an example to many who have leisure and opportunity to follow this interesting study; and who may not make both leisure and opportunity?

Our author mentions a curious anecdote which he had from authentic sources. It is an account of whole shoals of dead fish having been met floating on the surface of the waves between Mirimachi, New Brunswick, and the port of Gloucester. It appears that for several hundreds of miles it was hardly possible to pull up a ship's bucket without catching four or five dead garfish. Mr. Symonds believes these immense shoals to have been destroyed by submarine volcanic action, and he reasons thus from the circumstance: "That we may learn a lesson of the manner in which some of our fish-beds have been formed, and even of the destruction of genera and species."

Considering such things, we come to reflect on the intimate connection between the past and present—the identity of that law of *change* which continues to this hour to chronicle its movements on the dial of time—time, but not as we of history understand the term. On the subject of change, our author pertinently remarks:

The young geologist should never visit the beautiful scenery of the mountain limestone, whether among the crags and peaks of Derbyshire and Cumberland, the noble St. Vincent's rock at Clifton, or the glorious scenery of the Wye, without realising the fact that in those bold and solid rocks he beholds the work of coral and encrinural animals, that lived in a very remote period of the planet's existence. It is hardly possible to understand the history of the physical geology of the district under review without some considerations of analogous phenomena now going on in recent though distant seas.

It is an interesting circumstance to note that the Malvern black shales, which are seen at the Valley of the White-leaved Oak, and on the western side of Midsummer Hill, to overlie the Cambrian Holly-bush sandstone, with the lower Silurian deposits at the base of the Llandeilo flags—it is interesting to note that "these shales have yielded to the researches of the geologist

one of the oldest known fossils, a small crustacean, 'Agnostus piriformis,' only found in the ancient alum slates of Sweden; and these M. Barranda has shown, in a recent treatise, to be contemporaneous in date with the Cambrian rocks of Great Britain. We are therefore called upon to refer our Malvernian black schists to an epoch anterior even to the lower Silurians, and to look with still great reverence upon the ancient organisms they contain, and which must now take their place with the trilobites found by Mr. Salter in the old Cambrians of the Longmynd, and the Oldhamia of the Irish beds, though probably of somewhat later date.

An attempt to discuss the arguments in Mr. Symonds's book would be beyond our limits. The "stones" are his witnesses; and we don't well see how the bitterest opponent can accuse such witnesses of perjury, unless, like jurymen, they are "packed." This little volume, which is really full of matter and pregnant with suggestions, is written with that pleasant enthusiasm which at once enlists the reader's sympathy with the subject. It is just the book we should recommend to those persons who are beginning to be interested in geology; for more advanced students we have already said it has its measure of utility, and will be found a welcome addition to the library of the geologist.

An Introduction to the Study of Aesthetics. By JAMES C. MOFFAT, Professor of Greek in the College of New Jersey, Princeton, U.S. Cincinnati: Moore, Wiltach, Keys, and Co. 1856. 12mo. pp. 284.

MANY definitions, more or less satisfactory, of the term *aesthetic* have been recently presented to the world; but we are disposed to think that of Professor Moffat comes nearest to the truth. In laying down the groundwork of his plan he contends, in the first place, that the faculty of our spiritual nature by which we combine the similar and set apart the dissimilar, is our guide, alike to the highest achievements of science, and to every excellence in the wide domain of art. Being the representative in mind of a great, universal law, pervading and governing matter, in seeking its affinities in outward things, he argues further that it constitutes the clue by which man is enabled to explore the labyrinths of nature, as well as the rule he should follow in all his attempts at reconstruction after the model of her works. To elucidate this divine faculty, to unfold its native working, and to direct its application to the productions of genius, is the true object, Professor Moffat contends, of *Aesthetic Science*.

The design of his treatise will therefore be readily apprehended. It is in fact an attempt to draw a line around that portion of philosophy which pertains to art, indicating the main sources of the wealth which it contains and the limits which its cultivators have assigned to themselves. In carrying out this scheme, our author divides it into two parts, in the first of which he considers, with great minuteness, not merely the sensations and interrelations ministerial to beauty, and the emotions that contribute to its existence, but still more largely the association and combination of feelings and the results flowing from them, in relation alike to the world without as well as to the world within us. Having then thus elaborately reviewed all the different sources of beauty, Professor Moffat contends that the following conclusions may fairly be deduced:—

Of simple sensations, those that are gratifying to the organs are beautiful. Truth, to be beautiful, needs only to be set in clear light, or, in other words, the view of it entirely freed from obstruction. In truth relative, the representation must perfectly coincide with fact; at least, there must be no discrepancy apparent. In resemblance, the like mingled with, but easily distinguished from, the unlike, must stimulate to classification without fatiguing. In the case of cause and effect, the perfect adequacy of the one to the other must be, not obvious, but ascertainable with little labour, and so arranged that the learner may be guided by secure steps to the truth.

Our author also holds that, besides these principles, there are other fundamental rules of art deducible, of which the most important are these—viz. that design, the manifestation of a directing reason, must be such as the fullest consideration of the end to be attained and the available means will justify; that utility must appear efficient to the accomplishment of the conceived design; that proportion, being the measure of parts for effecting unity of design, must appear exactly adapted to that purpose; that all agreeable emo-

tions are necessarily sources of beauty in their own right; and that, by sympathy and association, they often render other objects beautiful which of themselves have no claim to such an honour.

These axioms certainly seem consistent with the results afforded by every man's experience and education, and will, we apprehend, bear the test of the closest logical scrutiny.

In the second division of his work, Professor Moffat confines himself mainly to those faculties of the mind which are employed in the fields of production and criticism. The several subjects of taste, critical authority, originality, imitation, invention, genius, talent, imagination, and fancy, are entered into with a fine and discriminating delicacy, and analysed in their many subordinate branches with sound judgment and acumen. The Professor then proceeds, in the third division of his treatise, to inquire what are and ought to be the true limits of the field of art, and reviews at considerable length the various heads into which this portion of his volume is divided. Painting, sculpture, architecture, landscape gardening, music, oratory, and the drama, are discussed with "a learned spirit of human dealing;" and in conclusion, Professor Moffat considers briefly the relations of modern art to the present conditions of society.

It is impossible to open any chapter of the *Introduction to the Study of Aesthetics* without being struck by the extent and variety of the author's reading, and sharing in the faith he holds so sacredly and maintains with such deep earnestness of purpose—that art, considered intrinsically and rightly studied, is calculated to sustain the cause of religion, not by a blind idolatry of its productions, but by the refinement which it gives the mind and the clearer view of the Divine perfections which it opens to the soul.

GLAUCUS.

VOYAGES AND TRAVELS.

A Two Years' Cruise off Tierra del Fuego, the Falkland Islands, Patagonia, and in the River Plate: a Narrative of Life in the Southern Seas. By W. PARKER SNOW. 2 vols. London: Longman and Co.

MR. SNOW informs us that he began his work intending to give merely a narrative of daily life in the Southern Seas; but, as he proceeded, he was insensibly drawn into giving his experiences in connection with the Patagonian Missionary Society. The reader will not complain of this divergence from the original design. Nowhere has missionary enterprise proved so successful as in the islands scattered through the great Southern Ocean; and nowhere has civilisation followed so fast upon the footsteps of Christianity. The subject, therefore, has ever a fresh interest for those who, in the ease of home, watch from afar the labours of the men who devote themselves, body and soul, to the task of carrying the cross to the heathen, and making the name of Christ familiar among peoples who may possibly be the germs of great nations.

The course of Mr. Snow's travel was to Madeira, thence to the Brazils, the Falkland Islands, Monte Video, Terra del Fuego and Starvation Beach, as it is called, the scene of Captain Gardiner's sufferings and death, and of which many new and interesting details are given, with numerous trips from these stations to the neighbouring islands.

From the desultory nature of the book, its contents can only be described by extracts. Mr. Snow is a keen and careful observer, his one fault being a tendency to over-elaboration. He is too verbose, and his sketches would have been much more effective if drawn in half the number of words. But this will be readily excused, for the sake of the large amount of new and valuable information which he has collected relating to a portion of the surface of the globe as yet known to us imperfectly.

From Terra del Fuego he went in search of Jemmy Button, who, twenty-seven years ago, was brought to England by Captain Fitzroy, under the following circumstances:—

On the 11th of May 1830, upon their return to the ship, and when near the Murray Narrows, three canoes came alongside the boats. In one of them was a lad of apparently about fifteen years of age. This lad the Captain invited to step into his boat; and, finding there was no objection on the part of the lad's father,—nay more, there seemed to be a willingness to let him go,—a button in token of friendly interchange was given, and the young Fuegian was soon on his way

to new scenes amidst totally different people from those among whom he had hitherto lived. His entry on board the ship,—his there meeting with the other Fuegians,—and his after proceedings, are better told by Captain Fitzroy himself. Suffice it that, in furtherance of the Captain's benevolent views, the whole four were brought to England, with the intention of giving them education and then returning them at a future day to their own country, in the hope of benefiting their poor degraded brethren.

Great care was taken of them. One died of small-pox; the other three were sent to an infant school.

Three years Jemmy Button and his companions (who had been called York Minster and Fuegia Basket) remained in England. At the expiration of that time Captain Fitzroy was again sent out to continue the survey; and consequently he took with him these three Fuegians, intending to return them from whence they had come. In this, however, he was disappointed. Circumstances prevented him from placing York and Fuegia in their own locality; but at their request they were, with Jemmy Button, deposited at Woollya, a pleasant-looking spot where Jemmy said he was born.

The three were settled at Woollya amidst Jemmy Button's family. Houses were built for them, gardens planted, and an abundant supply of everything useful was left with them, even to toilet services and sets of cut glass. Here is a picture of Jemmy himself, as he was, when restored to his family:

He was, as is stated, quite a dandy, dressing well, and having many appearances about him of a more gentlemanly character than York. This latter was somewhat coarse and less intelligent; though in some things he could be quick in understanding. He became attached to Fuegia; and as both were of the same tribe, the Alikhookips, they became man and wife after their return to Tierra del Fuego. The girl—for she was only twelve or thirteen years old when she married York—was the most intelligent of the three. In England, she had learned the tongue of the country; in Rio Janeiro, where the vessel remained three months, she mastered Portuguese; and in Monte Video, Spanish. Yet strange to say, they had all forgotten, or nearly forgotten, their native language! Hardly a word could Jemmy or his companions exchange with his relations when he first encountered them! This, however, did not prevent the commingling of the party all together; and when Captain Fitzroy left them in 1833 Woollya was a tolerably fair place to look upon, with its gardens, houses, and improvements under their hands. At that time there was master Jemmy, no doubt as a king amongst them, with his dandy dress, his articles of wearing apparel, and various other sundries;—there was York as a sturdy warrior, able and ready to defend himself; and there was his young wife as a little queen. What their feelings were, and what their ideas, it would be curious to know.

Twelve months after, Capt. Fitzroy returned, and already the reclaimed savages had relapsed into very nearly their original barbarism.

Jemmy Button came paddling up in his canoe. He was all but naked; his hair matted, and his eyes weak from smoke; the wigwags deserted, and the gardens trampled under foot. He could still speak English, and indeed, to the astonishment of all, his companions, wife, and brothers, also mixed many English words in their conversation with him. He said he was well, had plenty of fruits, birds, and "ten guanaco in snow time" (the skin of which furnishes a covering). He had a wife besides, who was decidedly the best-looking female in the company. He had dressed a fine otter-skin for Captain Fitzroy, and one for Bennett, his particular friend on board. His story was one of misfortune. He had been twice robbed. York had succeeded in defending his own property from the rapacity of the natives, by standing with a spade at his door in a threatening attitude.

This was the man whom Mr. Snow sought. Nearing the shore, he hoisted the British flag as an attraction. Two canoes approached; he shouted out "Jemmy Button!"—and to his joy and amazement was answered "Yes, yes, Jammes Button." He came on board. "He was quite naked, having his hair long and matted at the sides, cropped in front, and his eyes affected by smoke."

From what I could learn, it seems that he has had two wives, and a family of three children grown up, and one quite young. One of his sons was married; and his daughter, apparently not more than fourteen years of age, was betrothed to a man old enough, as he appeared, to be her father. This daughter was mild and gentle in her manner, but, like her mother, deformed in the legs and dwarfish. The brothers of Jemmy were, however, fine-featured men; though the whole of the natives hereabouts seemed to me inferior in physical qualities to those we had seen in the Beagle Channel and eastward.

Jemmy asked for clothing when he was in-

formed that there was an "English lady" in the cabin.

These I soon gave him; and in putting on the trousers he said, "want braces," as distinctly as I could utter the words. In fact he appeared suddenly to call to mind many things. His tongue was, as it were, loosened; and words, after a moment's thought, came to his memory expressive of what he wished to say. There was no connected talk from him; but broken sentences, abrupt and pithy. Short inquiries, and sometimes painful efforts to explain himself, were made, with, however, an evident pleasure in being again able to converse with some one in the "English talk." That he must have been greatly attached to it, is evident from the fact that he had not omitted to teach his wife, children, and relations. I could hardly credit my senses, when I heard Mrs. Jemmy Button from the canoe calling aloud for her husband to come to her. She seemed most anxious he should not be again taken away; for, when he had been on board some little time, and was with me down in the cabin out of sight, her calls for him were loud and frequent. "Jamus, Jamus," said she, at the same time rapping hard against the ship's side with a paddle; for, as it was drawing towards dusk, I had not then invited her on board. Poor thing! no doubt the whole history of her husband's visit to the fairy land of the strangers, and the "conetree" where such "vary pretty ladies" lived, had often been told to her; and now that a big canoe with wings had again come from that "Ingliss conetree," it may have greatly alarmed her, lest she should be suddenly left alone. Jemmy, however, had no intention of this; nor had one amongst them.

Mr. Snow indulges in many reflections upon this descent or relapse from civilisation to barbarism, and especially from a habit of wearing clothes to entire nakedness; and he comes to this sensible conclusion:

An eminent historian has well observed that—"Drapery may be more alluring than exposure;" and, strictly speaking, so it is. Familiarity with the naked savages of different lands would, I believe, do more to lessen particular immorality and vice than millions of sermons probably ever will or can. Where evil exists, there evil will be found in everything. It is the colouring to the eye given by the heart's desire, even though the heart be good, that produces the sinful wish or thought. More harm, I think, is done by false modesty—by covering and partly clothing—than by the truth in nature always appearing as it is. Inter-mingling with savages of wild lands who do not clothe, gives one, I believe, less impure and sensual feelings than the merely mixing with society of a higher kind.

This curious history of Jemmy Button has occupied so much of our space, that little remains for the many other interesting passages we had marked for extract. We must be content with one of the most informing, referring the reader to the volume for the rest. Here is his account of

THE PATAGONIANS.

I have been frequently asked if the Patagonians are such giants as we suppose them to be from the accounts of old voyagers; and in reply I say, from the information given to me, that they are not. They are above the medium height, but not so tall as generally believed; and if dressed in the habiliments of our life-guardsmen, I imagine they would be nearly about the same stature as this distinguished corps of our army. Some few may be a little taller, but I have not heard of any being of the height of six feet and a half; although Falkner has, in his book, spoken of one who, he says, "must have been seven feet and some inches in height, because on tiptoe he could not reach the top of his head." From all I have gleaned concerning them, they are from being a contemptible race either in intellect or *morale*; but their principal occupation is to roam about from the Rio Negro, on the confines of the Buenos Ayrean territories, to the Straits of Magellan, and it is not always that ships can fall in with them. Numerous and pleasing anecdotes relating to these savages, as well as other tales not so agreeable, have been told me; but I never like to repeat any stories unless certain of their authenticity. What I think may be depended upon is in substance as follows. The Patagonians are naturally a race of wild hunters, living more on horseback than on foot, and are as skilful in pursuit of game as the far-famed Indians of North America. Living on a barren soil, flesh is their principal food, and the quantity they eat is said to be enormous. Polygamy is practised, and thieving held in such estimation as to form a consideration in the necessary qualifications of the intended husband, who is looked upon as indifferently capable of supporting a wife unless he is an adept in the art of stealing from a stranger. Their government is in a great measure nominal, being under the rule of caciques or chiefs who have attained a certain degree of notoriety, but whose power is soon lessened unless they can maintain the influence which first gave them the title. Their tents are made of poles and the skins of guanacoos, and are generally carried about with them as they move from place to

place. They dress in long mantles made of skins, covering them from head to foot, and this gives them a singular and somewhat forbidding appearance. They have a great liking for tobacco and spirits, and, as I have been often told, adhere strictly to truth. A lie with them is held in detestation; and I believe that no man would be in any real danger amongst them (and I may say the same of nearly every savage) who would put on a bold front, and never try to deceive. Several Europeans have been known to live for years amongst them; and Mr. Havers of Stanley told me that he has a Patagonian in his service who is not only to be depended upon, but is really most useful, his principal and almost only failing being his addiction to liquor.

FICTION.

The Noble Traytour: a Chronicle. By THOMAS OF SWARRATON, Armiger. London: printed for Smith, Elder, and Company, over against St. Peter's Church, in Cornhill. 1857.

The Story of My Life. By LORD WILLIAM LENNOX. London: Hurst and Blackett. 1857.

The Noble Traytour is a curiosity which many will be disposed to dismiss, after a cursory examination, as the eccentric production of an enthusiast. As a piece of historical portraiture, however, it deserves a better fate; for, making allowance for the unnatural assumption of quaintness, which is plainly intended to give a more veracious colour to the picture, it certainly gives a very vivid and not unreal idea of the times and manners which it is intended to illustrate. We are not disposed to believe with Thomas of Swarraton that all the young knights in the England of Elizabeth talked like Mercutio, or that all the old gentlemen were like old Capulet; still, the conceit is a pardonable one, and the reader soon accustoms himself to those strange fashions of speech. But not even custom can reconcile us to some of the extravagances into which the excellent Armiger suffers himself occasionally to be betrayed. What can be the meaning of such a dialogue as the following, which is supposed to have taken place between Sir Thomas Cheney and his family after the verdict of a jury adverse to his claims in an action of ejectment:

"My Thomas! Husband! What ho, man!"
 "Ach! Bess, heart!"
 "Father! dear father!"
 "Nay, nay, my son! Nay, now, William!"
 "Cheer up, Thomas! my own—"
 "Strand to 't!"
 "Chenies!"
 "Well, well! God's will! God's will! Thomas!"
 "You were wont, father—"
 "Chenies!—the honours! they pass not with the acres!"
 "No, no."
 "He shall have the land!—much—"
 "So, so Thomas, love!"
 "A shall, marry! Chenies and Claydon, Claydon and Chenies!"
 "Oh! oh!"
 "Alas!"

And a page or so more of notes of exclamation.

Yet, as we said before, the book has great merit. The portraits of Elizabeth and Essex are well and finely drawn. That of Master Francis Bacon is also, we fear, too true. As for Raleigh, we are not quite satisfied to find him the heartless, unscrupulous schemer which Thomas of Swarraton would make of him. The following portrait of the outward appearance of Shakspeare is not badly limned:

Whereupon William and some others took note that he was comely and likely to look at; having a just mien in his gait; neither haughty nor servile; for while his brow was sad his eye was merry. So you might know at once there was gravity without bitterness, and gay humours chastened from folly; and the graceful smoothness of his countenance seemed to control and combine these opposites, making a sweet harmony of character, as do contrary and diverse sounds, brought skilfully into one concert, create delightful music.

Truly, for one of gentle blood (if he were such), his nose was curst, his upper lip especially long. Yet was the former fine; peculiar, as showing some concrete vigour; and his mouth, if too full and thick for your painter's conceit of beauty, enough in its own way, since its smiles were affectionately bent and passionate.

Then there was ever some intelligence 'twixt these ostents and what was passing inward with him. He seemed to have that repose and power—that life and inspiration, which you may have seen and thought about when watching the Great Sea, lulled. No motion on it but the sparkle of the sunbeam. No sound but that imaginary echo in the tenantless shell. Yet where was the plummet could fathom the depth of that ocean-mind? Where the lithesome intel-

lect who should follow his brighter spirit, silently playing on the surface?

Thomas of Swarraton has evidently laboured hard to make all his historical details faithfully accurate, and it is only here and there that we can detect a mistake. A very notable one which he has fallen into, however, is almost inexcusable in so learned a writer. When Essex and William Cheney rode down the Strand together they are made to notice the churches of St. Clement's Danes and St. Mary-le-Strand. Now, the old church of St. Mary-le-Strand had been pulled down by the Protector Somerset, and the site added to the gardens of Somerset House; and the new one, which is now standing, was not built until Queen Anne's time.

The Story of my Life is certainly the best production of Lord William Lennox's pen, and exhibits a marked progress beyond anything which he has hitherto achieved. It may be that the autobiographical character which it bears has something to do with this. There are, perhaps, too many digressions from the main story, and too little care about the conclusion of the third volume; but there is a vigour of thought, and a firmness of execution in parts, which stamp it as a sound and meritorious work of fiction. We cannot quite approve the example set by young Pembroke in marrying a milliner, even although her father was a scholar and a gentleman. Such confusions of rank are seldom productive of happiness to either of the parties concerned; and if the novelist had made the separation which took place final, he would probably have adhered more faithfully to the natural order of things. His hero, Pembroke, is a manly, generous young fellow, with just enough of good in him to render his youthful follies forgivable. Sir William is a fine specimen of the English Squire. The character of Major Skittowe, the dinner-hunting, military lady-killer, is, perhaps, slightly caricatured; but it is, nevertheless, extremely humorous. Other characters in the novel, such as the fair and frail Mrs. Swadcliffe and Monsieur Gallois, are well drawn; and the long excursus upon horse-racing, if not entirely relevant, is nevertheless very instructive. *The Story of My Life* will rank among the best novels of the season.

Dissimulation: a Novel. In 3 vols. By the author of "The Wilderness of the World." London: Newby.

Howard Plunkett; or, Adrift in Life. By KINAHAN CORNWALLIS. 2 vols. London: Whittaker. THE dangers of *Dissimulation* is the theme of the first of the new novels named above. It turns on a clandestine marriage, in which the necessity for secrecy at first leads to all sorts of false shams and pretences; and these gradually weave a network of difficulty about the persons practising them, from which escape seems to be almost impossible, until the ingenuity of the author devises relief at last. The lesson is true and good: beware the first step of wrong; conceal nothing; never dissimulate for any purpose whatever, for you cannot foresee the inconvenient consequences. The proverb tells us that one lie compels another. It is so with falsehood, acted as well as spoken. A character being once assumed, it must be maintained, and then come the shifts and contrivances which, after producing infinite misery while they are being played, ultimately become too complicated for any skill or far-sightedness to avoid the chances of detection. The manner in which this lesson is taught by *Dissimulation* is highly creditable to the novelist. The story is pleasantly told, the interest is sustained without flagging, its tone is wholesome, and it may be placed with safety, and even with profit, in the hands of the young.

Howard Plunkett is a novel of "the horrible" school. The writer aims at "thrilling" the reader, very much after the manner of the column of crimes which is served up in the Sunday newspapers to please the coarse appetites of a certain class of patrons. Mr. Cornwallis has seen much of the world, and he brings his knowledge of it into play in his fiction; and hence a certain amount of reality in the characters, spite of the unnatural situations in which they are exhibited. It is a narrative of adventures, by sea and land, in America and Australia. There are two adulteries; a son shoots his father in a duel; two husbands exchange wives; besides this, we have a changeling heir, a gigantic swindler, and other incidents "too numerous to describe," as the

playbills have it. The story, indeed, reads not unlike an expanded playbill at the Victoria, where the audience are sought to be attracted by a description of the banquet of mystery—a terror which is to make their hair stand on end, like, &c. To those who love this sort of excitement, *Howard Plunkett* pre-eminently recommends itself.

The Course of True Love Never did Run Smooth.

By CHARLES READE. London: Bentley. 1857. MR. READE, having at first objected to being published in a cheap form, seems now to think that that is, after all, the most satisfactory method of appearing before the public. And so it is, Mr. Reade. Ten thousand shillings are better than a thousand crowns, in whatever way you learn arithmetic. The three tales of which this volume is composed are nothing but cabinet pictures, it is true; but they are the pictures of a great master, and will last. They are conceived with all that originality and delineated with all that vigour for which Mr. Reade has made himself celebrated among the fiction-writers of the day. The first of the series, "The Bloomer," is perhaps the weakest of them all. It is of a strong-minded young Yankee lady, who takes a fancy to Bloomerism, and to an English lover at the same time. But the two won't amalgamate; that is to say, the lover does not admire the spectacle of his lady-love in what Mr. Reade appropriately terms *propria quæ maribus*. The result is a quarrel, and the lover goes off by the earliest steamer. Eventually the young lady follows her swain to "the old country," where, happening to be walking in her own park (still dressed in the aforesaid *propria*), she beholds the sulky fellow struggling for his life in the water. As she happens, in addition to her other masculine attributes, to possess the art of swimming, to plunge in and save him is the work of an instant—a feat which crinoline might have rendered difficult; whereupon the bashful young gentleman becomes reconciled to the obnoxious habiliments, and vows and declares that thenceforth the lady may wear whatever she pleases. Strange as this story is, it has nevertheless some fine touches, one of the best being a quaint excursus in favour of landed investments.

Land was in vogue. I don't wonder at it. Certainly a landed estate is "an animal with its mouth always open!" But compare the physical perception and enjoyment of landed wealth with that of consols and securities. Can I get me rosy cheeks, health, and good humour, riding up and down my Peruvian Bonds? Can I go out shooting upon my parchment, or in summer sit under the shadow of my mortgage-deed, and bob for commas and troll for semicolons in my river of ink, that meanders through my meadow of sheep-skin? Wherefore I really think land will always tempt even the knowing ones, until some vital change shall take place in society; for instance, till the globe makes its exit in smoke, and the blue curtain comes down on the creation.

The only defect in this reasoning is, that the man who has great wealth in consols may have the full enjoyment of most of the fair acres in England, and that without paying for them too.

The next tale, "Art," is more finely wrought, and of better materials. The great actress, Mrs. Oldfield, is the heroine, and the hero is a young attorney from Coventry, who has a soul for poetry, one Alexander Oldworthy. The father of this youth, a stern old puritan, and a contemner of plays and play-actors, rushes upon the scene like a bull to destroy the charming prospect of requited affection. The scene between the actress and the angry sire is magnificently drawn.

Susan screamed, and Anne turned pale, but, recovering herself, she said, with a wonderful show of spirit, "How dare you intrude on me?—Keep close to me, stupid!" was her trembling aside to Susan.

"I'm used to enter people's houses, whether they will or not," was the gruff reply.

"Your business, sir?" said Mrs. Oldfield, with affected calmness.

"It is not fit for that child to hear," was the answer.

Anne Oldfield was wonderfully intelligent, and even in this remark she saw the man, if a barbarian, was not a ruffian. She looked towards Susan.

Susan interpreting her look, declined to leave her alone "with, with—"

"A brute, I suppose," said Nathan coarsely.

The artist measured the man with her eye.

"He who feels himself a brute is on the way to be a man," said she, with genuine dignity; so saying, she dismissed Susan with a gesture.

"You are the play-acting woman, aren't you?" said he.

"I am the tragedian, sir," replied she, "whose time is precious."

"I'll lose no time—I'm an attorney—the first in Coventry. I'm Nathan Oldworthy—my son's education has been given him under my own eye—I taught him the customs of the country, and the civil law—He is to be a serjeant-at-law, and a serjeant-at-law he shall be."

"I consent for one," said Oldfield, demurely. "And then we can play into one another's hands, as should be."

"I have no opposition to offer to this pretty little scheme of the Old Somethings—father and son."

"Oldworthies! no opposition! when he hasn't been once to Westminster, and every night to the play-house."

"Oh!" said the lady, "I see! the old story."

"The very day the poor boy came here," resumed Nathan, "there was a tragedy play; so, because a woman sighed and burned for sport, the fool goes home and sighs and burns in earnest, can't eat his victuals, flings away his prospects, and thinks of nothing but this Nance Oldfield."

He uttered this appellation with rough contempt; and had the actress been a little one, this descent to Nance Oldfield would have mortified or enraged her. But its effect on the great Oldfield was different, and somewhat singular; she opened her lovely eyes on him.

"Nance Oldfield," cried she, "Oh! sir, nobody has called me that name, since I left my little native town."

"Haven't they, though? said the rough customer more gently, responding to her heavenly tones, rather than to the sentiment, which he in no degree comprehended."

"No!" said Oldfield, with an ill-used Æolian-harp tone.

Here the attorney began to suspect she was diverting him from the point, and with a curl of the lip, and a fine masculine contempt for all subterfuges—not on sheepskin—"You had better say you do not know all this," cried he.

"Not, I," was the reply. "My good sir, your son has left you to confide to me the secret of his attachment: you have discharged the commission, Sir Pandarus of Troy," added she, with a world of malicious fun in her jewel-like eye.

The sequel of this interview is, that Anne promises the old man that she will kill his son's love within his heart, and she keeps her word and succeeds, or partly so—at least, she freezes his love, and with it the poor heart too. True love will not be so coerced, and the young fellow sickens and droops; so that, in the end, the old man has to return to the actress and entreat her to rekindle the flame which once he besought her to extinguish. This is no very difficult matter. Alexander is young, and has written the tragedy of "Berenice," so Mrs. Oldfield sends for him. Here is a part of their interview:—

The father uttered a deprecatory cry, which died off into a semi-quaver of admiration—for, at this moment a lady of dazzling beauty, arrayed in a glorious robe that swept the ground, crossed the poet's path, before he could reach the door, and, with a calm, but queen-like gesture, rooted him to the spot.

She uttered but one word, but that word, as she spoke it, seemed capable of stilling the waves of the sea.

"Hold!"

No louder than you and I speak, reader, but irresistibly. Such majesty and composure came from her, upon them, with this simple monosyllable. They stood spell-bound. Alexander thought no more of flight; nor Nathan of pursuit.

At last, by one of those inspirations, that convey truth more surely than human calculation is apt to, the poet cried out, "This is herself, the other was a personation!"

"Berenice" took no notice of this exclamation. She continued, with calm majesty—

"Listen to a queen, whose stral'fast will
In chains is royal, in Rome unconquer'd still;
O'er my bowed head though waves of sorrow roll,
I still retain the empire of my soul."

Her two hearers stood spell-bound. And then did Alexander taste the greatest pleasure earth affords—to be a poet, and to love a great actress, and to hear the magic lips he loved speak his own verse. Love, taste, and vanity were all gratified at once. With what rich flesh and blood she clothed his shadowy creation; the darling of his brain was little more than a skeleton; it was reserved for the darling of his heart to complete the creation. And then his words, oh! what a majesty and glory they took from her heavenly tongue. They were words no more—they were thunderbolts of speech, and sparks of audible soul. He wondered at himself and them.

The end of this couple is peace. "This generous woman (says Mr. Reade) conferred one of the greatest benefactions on Alexander one human being can hope to confer on another. She persuaded a dramatic author to turn attorney. He was very reluctant then; and very grateful afterwards. These two were never to one another as though all had never been.

They were friends as long as they were on earth together."

"Clouds and Sunshine" reminds us much of the charming scenes of country life in "It is Never Too Late to Mend." Rose Mayfield, the rich and coquettish widow, has many suitors, but the one she wishes for is her cousin Robert Hathorn. Robert, however, does not love coquetry, and does love Rachael Wright, a simple reaper-maiden, who has a sorrow at her heart. This sorrow turns out to be the deceit which she has experienced from Hickman, one of Mrs. Mayfield's suitors, who, under a false marriage (he having a wife alive), had beguiled her. To smooth these sorrows and to bring Robert and Rachael together, is the purpose of the tale—and it is an idyl, poetical, simple, and grand. Take the scene where Rachael's secret is made manifest, and her grandfather, old Corporal Patrick, supports her in her seeming shame:—

"Father!"

"Ask herself!—you see she doesn't deny it."

All eyes turned and fastened upon Rachael; and those who saw her at this moment will carry her face and her look to their graves, so fearful was the anguish of a high spirit ground into the dust and shame; her body seemed that moment to be pierced with a hundred poisoned arrows. She rose, white to her very lips, and stood in the midst of them quivering like an aspen-leaf, her eyes preternaturally bright and large, and she took one uncertain step forwards, as if to fling herself on the weapons of scorn that seemed to hem her in; and she opened her mouth to speak, but her open lips trembled, and trembled, and no sound came. And all the hearts round, even the old farmer's, began now to freeze and fear at the sight of this wild agony; and at last, after many efforts, the poor soul would have said something, God knows what, but a sudden and most unexpected interruption came. Corporal Patrick was by her side, nobody saw how, and seizing her firmly by the arm, he forbade her to speak.

"Silence, girl!" cried the old soldier, fiercely. "I dare you to say a word to any of them."

Then Rachael turned and clung convulsively to his shoulder, and trembled and writhed there in silence. All this while they had not observed the old man, or they would have seen that the mist had gradually cleared away from his faculties; his mind brightened by his deep love for Rachael was keenly awake to all that concerned her; and so her old champion stood in a moment by her side with scarce a sign left of age or weakness, upright and firm as a tower.

"Silence, girl! I dare you to say a word to any of them."

"There," sobbed Mrs. Hathorn, "you thought the poor old man was past understanding, and now you make him drink the bitter cup as well as her."

"Yes! I must drink my cup too," said Old Patrick.

"I thought I was going to die soon, and to die in peace; but I'll live and be young again, if it is but to tell ye, ye are a pack of curs. The parish register; does the parish register tell you the man married her with a wife living in another part? Is it wrote down along with that child's name in the parish register, how his father fell on his knees to his mother, a girl of seventeen, and begged for the dear life, she wouldn't take the law of him and banish him the country? What was she to think? could she think that when his sick wife died, he'd reward her for sparing him by flying the country not to do her right? The parish register! You welcome this scoundrel to your house, and you hunt his victim out like a vagabond, ye d—d hypocrites. Come Rachael, let us crawl away home, and die in peace."

"No, no! you must not go like that," cried Mrs. Hathorn, and Robert rose and was coming to take his hand; but he waved his staff furiously over his head.

"Keep aloof, I bid ye all," he cried; "I have fought against Buonaparte, and I despise small blackguards." He seized Rachael and drew her to the door; then he came back at them again—"Tisn't guilt you have punished; you have insulted innocence and hard fortune; you have insulted your own mothers, for you have insulted me that fought for them before the best and oldest of you was born—no skulking before the enemy, girl!"—for Rachael was drooping and trembling—"Right shoulders forward—MARCH!" and he almost tore her out of the house. He was great, and thundering, and terrible in this moment of fury; he seemed a giant and the rest but two feet high. His white hair streamed, and his eyes blazed defiance and scorn. He was great and terrible by his passion and his age, and his confused sense of past battles and present insult. They followed him out almost on tiptoe. He lifted Rachael into the waggon, placed her carefully on a truss of hay in the waggon, and the carter came to the horse's heads, and looked to the house to know whether he was to start now.

We have but one word to add to make our readers understand what we think of this volume: it is worthy of Mr. Reade's pen.

Summerleigh Manor; or, Brothers and Sisters (Masters)—is a story with High Church tendencies; but these are not officiously obtruded, as if the author was more theologian than novelist. The plot is commonplace; but the writing is above the average. The characters are well conceived and sustained, and the interest does not flag from the beginning. The author excels in pathos.

Storm and Sunshine; or, The Boyhood of Herbert Falconer. By W. E. DICKSON (J. H. and J. Parker)—is a little story connected with the West Indies. It seems to be founded on fact. The hero is a scapegrace, guilty of fraud and forgery; and Mr. Dickson says that "he would not have written it had he foreseen, when he began, the pain and disgust which the recital of such wickedness would cause me." Wherefore, then, did he print what causes pain and disgust? There was no need for that, even if he was under compulsion to write.

The Old Bachelor in the Old Scottish Village. By Thomas AIRD (Blackwood)—is a second or revised edition of a collection of essays, sketches, and tales, originally published, we presume, in the periodicals. That they have obtained so much popularity as to call for a reprint is their best recommendation. They have passed beyond the province of criticism.

Blanche's Wanderings; or, the Guiding Hand. By Mary Stuart Hall (Brown and Co.)—A Scottish story, the first adventure of a young authoress. It has the faults of inexperience—a too florid style and too many epithets. An adjective accompanies almost every noun. But these are faults which will be cured by practice. Miss Hall has capacities worth cultivation, a fertile imagination, much feeling and fluency of expression.

The "Parlour Library" has at last made an addition to its stores of a work by Mrs. Trollope, *The Days of the Regency; or, Town and Country.* We trust that there will be a series of such as these, instead of the works which third-rate authors cannot otherwise dispose of.

Shirley Brooks's capital novel of *Aspen Court* has been published by Mr. Bentley in a cheap form.

Another addition to the "Parlour Library" is *Harry Hamilton*, by Capt. Stewart—an original work, it is said; but we much prefer the republication of such as have already earned a reputation.

POETRY AND THE DRAMA.

Underglances, and other Poems. By D. F. MAC CARTHY. London: Bogue.

Poems. By GEORGE MAC DONALD. London: Longman and Co.

Within and Without: a Dramatic Poem. By GEORGE MAC DONALD. Second Edition. London: Longman and Co.

Poems. By WM. W. STORY. Boston: Little and Co.

The World's Own. By JULIA WARD HOWE. Boston: Ticknor and Fields.

Job Morbid's Pilgrimage: to which is added Morbid Sentiment, a Burlesque Dramatic Fragment. By D. R. M. London: Longman and Co.

Miching Mallecho, and other Poems. By PAUL RICHARDSON. London: Mozley.

THE brown leaves are beginning to drop from the trees; many of the fairest flowers have passed away; some of the choicest songbirds have left our shores or are mute; and the poets are singing far between, and singing, too, with an uncertain sound. All these facts are indicative of the closing year; but, though books do not visibly increase upon us, yet we have many still on hand, some of which are of a character so dreary as to interfere seriously with our digestive organs. Authors should not be impatient if we do not notice their books early, and, at this time especially, they must not feel disappointment if we review them briefly; for we like to clear off books on hand, as we desire to discharge all old bills, so as to sit down in unbroken peace to our Christmas dinner. That consummation would not be realised if we were now to devote much space to any individual author. We will begin with Mr. Mac Carthy, and a fortiori, notwithstanding his many merits, dispatch him promptly. It is the fault of our readers, and not ours, if they do not know that Mr. Mac Carthy is justly celebrated for his translations of the dramas of Calderon—translations which are really masterpieces of language and poetic art. Then, again, Mr. Mac Carthy is honourably

known as an author on his own account, and one rising high above mediocre talent. These *Underglances* will add still more to his reputation.

The first poem in the book, "The search for May," although very capricious in measure, shows by this very capriciousness the unchecked aptitude of the writer. "The Meeting of the Flowers" is also a poem replete with, and remarkable for, choiceness and vividness of fancy. The poet's imagination has, indeed, the true quality of beauty. It is really a fine idea to suppose that inanimate objects in nature have their blessed Christmas time as well as man—toiling, struggling man! If this is not poetry, and poetry of the right kind, we should like to know what is.

There is within this world of ours
Full many a happy home and hearth;
What time the Saviour's blessed birth
Makes glad the gloom of wintry hours.

When back from severed shore from shore,
And over seas that vainly part,
The scattered embers of the heart
Glow round the parent hearth once more.

But in this wondrous world of ours
Are other circling kindred chords—
Binding poor harmless beasts and birds,
And the fair family of flowers.

That family that meet to-day
From many a foreign land and clime—
For what is Christmas time to men
Is with the flowers the time of May.

Back to the meadows of the West,
Back to the natal fields they come;
And as they reach their wish'd-for home,
The MOTHER folds them to her breast.

She feeds them with ambrosial food,
And fills their cups with nectar'd wine;
And all her choristers combine
To sing their welcome from the wood.

And with her own soft, trembling hands,
In many a calm and cool retreat,
She leaves the dust which soils their feet
In coming from the distant lands.

Now, without going through the various portions of this book—for we must not forget our promise of brevity—we have shown enough to demand a more extended audience for Mr. Mac Carthy. Poetry, it is clear, does not suffer in his hands, and the Muses may "sleep o' nights" on their mountain-top, even without the luxury of a pillow, in the womanly, and therefore happy, consciousness that they will never look ugly or wrinkled on the canvass of Mr. Mac Carthy.

A worthy companion, as a poet, to Mr. Mac Carthy is Mr. George Mac Donald, author of two books before us. One of these, a dramatic poem, entitled "Within and Without," is a second edition, which, therefore, we merely announce and pass on. The other deserves marked and particular attention. For breadth and masculine power Mr. Mac Donald certainly surpasses the author of *Underglances*. There is a rather wide mark of demarcation between the imagination of each, the former being massive and often grand, the latter light and sprightly. We are not, by this comparison, seeking to elevate one minstrel at the cost of the other, since each in his way is excellent. It would be unjust to say that the elasticity of an individual loses its value because another individual is less elastic, but possesses more steady power. Elasticity in a poet is always good; but power, sustaining power, is always better. There is in Mr. Mac Donald's poems what is not found in every man's, namely, a broad substructure of thought to work upon, so that his poems are not merely words, words, words, which, like the painted bits of glass in the kaleidoscope, make up pleasing figures by being shifted continually. His illustrations are generally effective and often noble. In his most ambitious poems, among which must be placed "A Hidden Life," there is always the indestructible sense of dignity, even when the dignity is waning towards meanness. Now, take this brief passage from the poem just named and mark its fine qualities.

But the eye-tube through which the shadows came
Was turned towards the past; one after one
Arose old scenes, old sorrows, old delights.
Ah, God! how sad are all things that grow old;
Even the rose-leaves have a mournful scent,
And old brown letters are more sad than graves;
Old kisses lie about the fount of tears,
Like autumn leaves around the winter wells.

We are afraid, having turned to this volume, that we shall be tempted—we are sorely tempted—to break through the rule we started with, and draw too liberally on our columns. Let us then forcibly restrain and restrict ourselves, and with one more extract from a book which ought to have a wide circulation for its unusual talent close the chapter. We quote from a fine poem entitled "Light."

Thou art the god of earth. The skylark springs
Far on to catch the glory on his wings;
And thou dost bless him first that highest soars.
The bee comes forth to see thee, and the flowers
Worship thee all day long, and through the skies
Follow thy journey with their earnest eyes.
River of life, thou pourest on the woods,
And on thy waves float forth the wakening buds;
The trees lean towards thee, and, in loving pain,
Keep turning still to see thee yet again.

Thou art the joy of age:
The sun is dear even when long shadows fall,
Forth to the sunlight the old man doth crawl,
Enliven'd like a bird in his poor cage,
Close by the door, no further, in his chair
The old man sits; and sitteth there,
His soul within him, like a child that lies
Half dreaming, with his half-shut eyes.
At close of a long afternoon in summer;
High ruins round him, ancient ruins, where
The raven is almost the only comer;
And there he broods in wonderment
On the celestial glory sent
Through the rough loopholes, on the golden bloom
That waves above the cornice on the wall,
Where lately dwelt the echoes of the room,
And drinking in the yellow lights that lie
Upon the ivy tapestry.

So dreams the old man's soul, that is not old,
But sleepy mid the ruins that infold.

The next book, *Poems*, by Wm. W. Story, is of American birth. It takes a considerably lower rank than the one from which we have just quoted, and is altogether inferior to the American poems we have lately reviewed in these columns. It contains nothing really offensive to artistic taste; but its numerous superfluities expose the weakness of the poet. The excessive foliage of a tree may have, and often has, the effect of first checking and then hiding the fruit; and so, as in these poems, words which ought to develop thought serve only to encumber and conceal it. Metrical form can never add substance to a skeleton idea, and this impossible feat is what Mr. Story is constantly trying to accomplish. Mr. Story is a metrical gossip; and he may take our word for it that small talk derives no importance from the regular beat of iambs. Now, the following, so far as any useful purpose is answered, may as well have been placed in the usual way in which prose is printed.

Hist! is he coming? If he is, I stop;
For next to Nina he loved Glat best;
And now my story is of Glat—No!
Then stands he still, his hat pulled o'er his brow.
Stay! let me carry him a glass of wine,
Poor fellow! he feels bad enough, I know,
And this damp night air gnaws into one's bones.
He took it, so all's well—his voice, perhaps,
A little husky, that was not from cold.
Well, then! the few hours left of night I roam'd
Through the black streets, and watched the river swirl
Blackly away—then dozed an hour or so
In the dim corner of the Temple of Peace,
Till day began to lighten the grey mists.
At four I met the Captain—neither spoke
A word of Glat, though we both of us
Thought only of him.

But even these attenuated poems by Mr. Story have something to recommend them. They are free, and this is much, from the exaggeration which abounds in the smaller class of American poets. It is easier to rise from feebleness to grandeur than to descend from bathos to the natural utterance of a great idea. There is no need that Mr. Story should supply words merely for the compositor's profit; but there is a very pressing need that he should only employ sufficient language to express a thought forcibly.

Another work of American parentage, but in force and firmness vastly superior to the last, is a drama by Julia Ward Howe, entitled *The World's Own*. A very common incident of life has suggested the plot of this play, but the treatment of that plot is very uncommon. The characters, without being strongly individualised, exhibit what is indispensable to a good drama, intensity of passion. Not one play in a score awakens so much interest as this by Mrs. Howe.

Job Morbid's Pilgrimage is a burlesque dramatic fragment, after the manner of Childe Harold, by D. R. M.; and it is clever in the broadest and most pointed meaning of that word. The writer is what the Americans would call a "smart man" in imitation, and none but a very surly individual can help smiling over his puns, à la Hood, or his ludicrous situations. A man may enjoy such a book in a bleak November day, in the knowledge that the wind is howling without, and with the certainty that he is comfortably seated in an arm chair by a cheerful fire.

Miching Mallecho is a coarse vulgar poem by Paul Richardson. The poet says in his very opening line—

Now, crabby critic, let my book alone.

We shall—for we like to be polite and obliging.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Holland: its Institutions, its Press, Kings, and Prisons. By E. MEETER. London: J. F. Hope. 1857.

THIS is one of a class of books which contains matter that will perhaps interest some people, but which we cannot therefore greatly recommend. It is a rambling, declamatory, pseudo-didactic, and careless composition, which, under the pretence of being an impartial history, is, in our opinion, a very silly and very vile specimen of nonsensical and slanderous egotism. It is written by a foreigner, and has therefore this extenuation for its foreign idiom; but the author has yet seemingly to learn that, although this land is the refuge of the Continental exile, it is not the credulous receptacle of republican propagandism. There are pages in this book so gross and so infamous in their lax and unsupported attacks on William II. of Holland that, if the authorities of that country were to demand the extradition of the writer, to stand a criminal trial for their publication, we believe that all honest Englishmen would feel an indignant pleasure in admitting the demand. It is really becoming intolerable that the national hospitality of this country should be abused, as it has long been abused, by the worthless and thankless vagabonds, who repay the debt only by seeking to embroil us with the countries whose sufficient justification for their expulsion is found in their conduct after their expulsion.

It is a singular fact to notice the effect of exile on base minds, even when allied with fine abilities. There are no fine abilities in the present case to lessen or deepen the guilt of slander; and, although the author is evidently in his own estimation a hero and a martyr of the very first class, his book conveys to us no other idea of him than of an idle, sauntering, blustering, empty-headed egotist, such as are the pest of modern civilisation. Unless he mend his principles, his matter, and style, it is our very sincere hope that we may hear no more of him, and that he may turn to some honest calling, for which he is better fitted than the equivocal sort of Grub-street or Holywell-street literature which he has adopted as his pursuit. In a word, his book stinks in our nostrils like a foul and filthy song. If one cause more than another excites this revolting feeling, it is the cool and brutal insensibility with which, after pages of rant on patriotism, and all that sort of thing, the author speaks of one Cornelia Vogel—a woman, according to his account, of superior attractions, whom he seduces, or at least becomes connected with, and deserts in her hour of pregnancy. We should like to see these selfish, sentimental, would-be Werthers and Catos scourged through the land, or strung up to the next tree, to learn and teach a practical lesson that truth and humanity to women are the first elements of philanthropy and patriotism.

This language is strong; but we think it our duty to employ it, as the faithful exponent of the sentiments which this book has left on us. But it is a true saying that there was never yet a book written so worthless as not to contain something to instruct or interest. We scarcely remember any book in which the adage so nearly missed its application; yet even here it has a certain truth, although of the most infinitesimal degree. First of all, the subject is interesting; although never was an interesting subject treated in a less interesting manner. Out of its vague and frothy declamation, its rambling jargon and untrustworthy statements, we gather a few pictures which bear a certain credible resemblance to facts, of which they are given as true copies. Holland has somehow slipped from the list of nations. Its place is found in the map; but European politics almost ignore its existence. We believe that many educated Englishmen are scarcely aware that there is a kingdom of its name; and when news from the Hague and a transcript of a royal address appear in a corner of the *Times*, none but the most obscure historical reminiscences—the most distinct of which belong to the era of our last great revolution—teem up to perplex, not to clarify, the attempt to define the precise position of modern Holland in the congress of nations. Great is France—great is Austria—very great is Russia. Turkey is again a schoolboy's great theme. Spain is known and talked of in spite of its apathetic people and dissolute court. Italian Sovereignities have their due and respectable position. Even Belgium has a station and a conti-

mental interest which are not wholly due to its English affinities; but Holland, somehow, is a terra incognita in the heart of a civilised world.

Now, if the present book actually cleared up this mystery, which indisputably exists, it would have deserved a very different notice from that which we are bound to give it. Its title led us to think that it contained the long-sought clue. Its contents soon dispelled the illusion; yet, even out of the author's troublesome self-consciousness, which obscures the most important questions of fact, something may be drawn which, coupled with other sources of information, gives a certain amount of darkness visible.

The modern history of Holland dates from the Peace of Antwerp in 1609, or more properly, perhaps, from the Peace of Munster, at the end of the Thirty Years' War in 1648. That era marks the ascendancy of the Orange family, which has preserved a chequered supremacy ever since. The Republic of the Seven Provinces of the Netherlands became by degrees the hereditary possession of the great family, which, after baffling France by one of its members as Stadtholder, sent another, to complete her humiliation, on the throne of England. The war of the Spanish Succession, at the beginning of the eighteenth century, following a war against France and England combined, brought Holland to the brink of ruin; but the Orange family held its own through good and ill report, and in spite of striking vicissitudes of fortune. In 1794 it was expelled by the French republicans under Pichegru. In 1806 Holland exchanged the name of a Batavian Republic for that of a kingdom, under Napoleon's brother Louis. A disagreement between the brothers led to the abdication of the latter in 1810 in favour of his infant son, the present Emperor Louis Napoleon; but the imperial uncle annulled the appointment, and annexed Holland to France. In 1813 the country rose and restored the Orange family, who reconstituted the ancient kingdom of the Netherlands as it had existed 200 years previously. The revolution of 1830 destroyed this union by rendering Belgium from it, and forming the latter province into an independent kingdom, under the reigning sovereign Leopold.

This revolution threw back the kingdom of Holland into that state of political depression and political anarchy in which it now exists. Her commerce had yielded finally with the outbreak of the first French Revolution to that of her great English rival; and London succeeded Amsterdam as the Carthage of modern times. The subsequent history of Holland to the present hour has a sad moral and warning of its own. It would seem that the great Dutch nation—the Phœnicians of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries—who united in a remarkable degree the opposite and generally incompatible qualities of mercantile and martial enterprise—who placed their colonies, and have left their languages and institutions at the Cape, in the United States of America, and in the Indies—have succumbed at last to those mysterious causes of decay which have ever brought decrepitude on nations, as they never fail to bring it on individuals. It is impossible to see without a feeling of awe the uniformity of their career in this respect with that of their kindred nations. The descendants of the republicans who swept the English Channel with their fleets, and stood impregnable against the hosts of the Great King in the seventeenth century—who pursued a victorious career of commerce in that century and the following, displaying every manful and energetic faculty by which the victories of war and peace are won and secured—after a convulsive effort to recover the liberties which they had assigned as a strictly revocable trust to one powerful family end, as all similar political experiments end, by a sulky and apathetic acquiescence in a servitude which is slowly overspreading the whole European continent. In 1848 a vain attempt was made to restore the old Dutch constitution; but its result, as might be expected, has been only to disperse its last vestiges. There is still nominally a Dutch representative constitution. The States General are still opened regularly by the reigning sovereign, and proceed to deliberate in all apparent freedom on the affairs of the nation, according to the principles of the Grand Wet and the fundamental ordinances of 1815. The externals of legislation and of executive government bear a seeming resemblance to the Parliamentary government of Great Britain, which is its professed model. There is an Upper

House of Representatives, the members of which are chosen by the sovereign for life. There is a Lower Chamber, which is theoretically elected by provincial constituencies. The provinces are governed by prefects and local assemblies, which are apparently independent, but which are virtually the instruments of a system of monarchical centralisation. The forms of free institutions are preserved carefully throughout the kingdom, but their safeguards are utterly wanting. There is no freedom of the press—it exists only by the sufferance and breath of royal toleration. There is no liberty of the subject—it is the toy of royal caprice. There is no remedy for arbitrary and unjust imprisonment—it is the vested prerogative of the Crown. M. Meeter, apparently for no violation of law, was snatched summarily from his residence, deprived for months of his liberty in a foul dungeon, and restored to liberty at last as arbitrarily, without apology, without explanation, without redress. One such instance, which is quite credible, tells a terrible story of absolutism. We do not believe the reigning sovereign to be the revolting monster and effeminate coward which M. Meeter would have us believe him to be, any more than we believe M. Meeter to be the high-minded martyr of which he gives us a glowing picture. But that a virtual despotism exists in Holland, as powerful and as irresistible in its way as any which is to be found on the European continent, is unfortunately a fact which, although well known, has not been as yet described either impartially or adequately.

Sketches, Critical and Biographical. By THOMAS DE QUINCEY. London: Groombridge.

HERE is another of those delightful philosophical, literary, and gossiping volumes of De Quincey's—books which in after ages shall stand on the same classical shelf with Addison, Johnson, Goldsmith, and Burke; and which, in point of mere style, are perhaps superior to any of these authors. We trust this brilliant series is not yet near its close. We know that Mr. De Quincey has scattered up and down throughout the endless volumes of our periodical literature a hundred and a hundred more compositions quite equal to any in this volume—equal in fullness of matter and in elaboration of style, and which must not be allowed to slumber in those vast literary catacombs. It is characteristic of this writer, as it was in the last age of Burke, that he cannot write anything either ephemeral or careless; his shortest productions are as highly finished as his longest, and each sentence scintillates with the shining images which incarnate and illustrate profound thought. Many of Johnson's papers are turgid emptiness; many of Wilson's articles are mere fiery froth; many of Hall's pages are full of elegant inanity; and much of Carlyle's and of Chalmers's writing is commonplace in a state of violent commotion; but we defy you ever to catch Burke, or Foster, or De Quincey napping or twaddling. If not always alike brilliant, they are always thoughtful and suggestive—it is simply impossible for any of them to write without thinking, and thinking in a peculiar and a profound way. Far are we, however, from asserting De Quincey's infallibility. He always thinks, but he often thinks wrong, and frequently embalms in his matchless style opinions and sentiments which, in their erroneousness or extravagance, are quite unworthy of it; and we shall have occasion to prove this ere we are done with the present paper.

The first sketch in this volume is on Percy Bysshe Shelley. It (and his subsequent one on Keats) first appeared in a series of notes on "Gilfillan's First Gallery of Portraits," and were published in *Tait's Magazine*. It contains, on the whole, a just, generous, and eloquent estimate of Shelley and his eccentric genius. He speaks of him rightly as an earnest, honest, and gifted man, in fearful error as to Christ and Christianity; but there he should have stopped, as, after his accurate general appreciation of the poet, he falls into a number of special blunders, springing out of ignorance in reference to his history and opinions. For example, at page 5, he says: "At the date of Queen Mab he was a believer in God and in the mission of Christ, but he hated and defied both, in so far as they have revealed their relations to men." This, certainly, were to charge Shelley either with a blasphemy unequalled since the antediluvian world, or with sheer insanity. But, whatever may be said of particular lines, the whole tenor of Queen Mab serves to contradict De Quincey's statement. Shelley, at all events when he wrote Queen Mab, was simply a mate-

rialist, believing in matter as an *object*, in necessity as that *object's law*, and in a certain dim and shadowy "spirit," but which is not a person, connected with the universe. What we call God was then to him a mere superstitious myth—and hence he cries:

Spirit of Nature! all sufficing power,
Necessity! thou Mother of the world!
Unlike the God of human error, thou
Requirest no prayers or praises.

And when in the allegory of Ahasuerus, to which De Quincey alludes, he personifies God and represents him saying:

From an eternity of idleness
I, God, awoke—

and so forth—he is manifestly not expressing his own belief, but trying to caricature that of Jews and Christians. In the notes to the poem, too, he expressly denies all supernaturalism, and the existence of any God, except what he calls a "Spirit coeternal with the universe." Now and then, indeed, he seems to forget himself, and to rave against Jehovah, as if he thought Him a real existence. But how often does the Christian assailant of Heathenism warm into similar language against Jove and the other Pagan deities, till, for the time, he seems to believe that they actually existed somewhere else than in the fancies of their votaries. It is true that afterwards, sick of the eternal chill of Materialism, he seemed to back out (in the "Revolt of Islam") into Manicheism; but even this is left uncertain, from the mysticism of the strain; and, so far from being a retrograding movement farther from Christianity, it seemed rather a step toward it, especially as in "Hellas," one of the last of his productions, he says, in reference to Christ:

A power from the unknown God,
A Promethean conqueror came:
Like a triumphal path he trod
The thorns of death and shame.
A mortal shape to Him
Was like the vapour dim
Which the orient planet animates with light.
Hell, Sin, and Slavery came,
Like bloodhounds mid and tame.
Nor prey'd until their lord had taken flight.
The moon of Mahomet
Arose, and it shall set,
While, blazon'd as on Heaven's immortal noon,
The Cross leads generations on.

The Powers of earth and air
Fled from the folding star of Bethlehem!—
Apollo, Pan, and Love,
And even the Olympian Jove,
Grew weak, for killing Truth had glared on them.

Thus fluctuating and uncertain was the path of Shelley's progress in his religious notions; but we believe that at no period of his brief unhappy career did he ever dream of opposing Jehovah or Jesus as *really* throned in the universe, but simply as he thought them unjustly exalted in the estimations of men.

De Quincey doubts whether pity and kind-hearted expostulation would have weaned Shelley from Atheism to Christianity, as Mr. Gilfillan had thought. It is true that he was, and continued to be, perfectly sincere in all his erratic course of thought; but who knows not that the fiercest animals may be gained by a combination of discipline and kindness? and if, as the Apostle James has it, "every wild beast has been tamed of men," why not the wild boyish beast that was raving in Shelley's young blood? If he had been taught once to love Christianity, he would by-and-by have begun to believe in it. No "bribe of oats," indeed, would have arrested this "horse of the Pampas;" but a few gentle words, a kind pat or two, along with the application of some strong spurs of argument, might have had the best effect. Undoubtedly his feeling to Christianity was a monomania; but even a monomania can be managed and modified, unless, indeed, it be hereditary; and of that in Shelley's case—so far as aversion to Christianity is concerned—there is no proof. The fact simply was: Shelley saw Christianity only in its formalisms and bigotries—not in itself—and he shrank from it in disgust; just as many a person who sees a celebrated character in a hideous pictured caricature, not as he is, contracts a savage and life-long aversion to him, and is reluctant even to use the means to get the impression counteracted. We saw lately, for instance, a print of a celebrated London man preaching, which gave us an impression (probably false) of his being a mere bawling blockhead—*vox et preterea nihil*—an ugly spiritual coxcomb—a man run all to mouth; and we know that such prints have done, and do, deadly damage to men's conceptions of far nobler and more interesting characters than he.

It was characteristic of Shelley, having formed a full-length mistake about the religion of Jesus,

to set to work to destroy that religion, if he could, with all the resources of his intellect, and all the energies of his genius. To Christianity, however, he did little injury; for, although his writings have served to stagger more many young minds already disposed to doubt, his opinions were thrown into forms too shadowy, and expressed in language too transcendental, to have much effect on the public; and a poor profane coxcomb like Holyoake, writing for the masses in a popular way, has done a world more mischief than the author of "Queen Mab." But on himself infidelity exerted the most injurious influences. Well and beautifully says De Quincey: "Shelley's total nature was altered and darkened when the theme of Christianity was introduced—transfiguration fell upon him. He that was so gentle, became savage; he that breathed by the very lungs of Christianity—that was so merciful, so full of tenderness and pity, of humility, of love and forgiveness—then raved and screamed like an idiot I once personally knew, when offended by a strain of heavenly music at the full of the moon."

Mr. De Quincey finds fault with the author of the "Literary Portraits" for introducing into his sketch of Shelley certain odd traits of his character, such as his passion for eating dry bread in the street; his launching a bank-note on the Serpentine as a paper boat; his writing to Rowland Hill for the use of Surrey chapel to preach his infidelity in; his rushing out of a room in terror, because he saw eyes in a lady's breast, &c. &c. Now, in the first place, as De Quincey seems to doubt the authenticity of these anecdotes, we refer him (as indeed we did in a letter to him ten years ago, and therefore we are a little astonished to see his statements reproduced without alteration) to the authorities for them. The story about the lady's breast is told by Byron in one of his letters. Leigh Hunt, in his "Lord Byron and his Contemporaries," mentions Shelley's writing to Rowland Hill for the purpose referred to. For the other stories—about the Serpentine, his cat-like love of fire, his carrying, like Johnson, a poor outcast to a neighbouring house, and being refused admission—Mr. Gilfillan's authority is a series of interesting articles in the *New Monthly Magazine* for 1832, entitled "Shelley at Oxford," written by a Mr. Hogg, an early friend of the poet's. And, notwithstanding De Quincey, we think them eminently characteristic of his idiosyncrasy. The story of his fancying eyes in a lady's breast showed his wild imagination—an imagination often trembling on the brink of frenzy. His writing to Rowland Hill was not intended as an insult to that excellent man; but was simply an outcome of his own ardent sincerity and ignorance of the world. His launching a bank-note, so far from being an act of 'empty ostentation,' was the act of a child-like enthusiast, and is recorded in this light by Mr. Hogg. Mr. De Quincey says that his devouring dry bread in the streets simply recalls "some hundreds of thousands of children in the streets of great cities, whom he is daily detecting in the same practice;" but it was just to show how that in Shelley the child-like nature had survived childhood, that the story was told. Mr. De Quincey says that his "thrusting his head almost into the very fire" illustrates nothing but his physical temperament. But surely, when a man's physical temperament is so peculiar as Shelley's was, and so closely connected with his wild and wayward genius, we should be thankful for all the information we can get on the subject. Mr. De Quincey says, in fine: "In reference to Shelley's funeral rites, a circumstance is added by Mr. Gilfillan which previous accounts do not mention—viz. that his heart remained unconsumed by the fire." This is a conclusive instance of De Quincey's ignorance about the literature of Shelley's story, since the above circumstance is expressly stated by Leigh Hunt in his Autobiography, and since, we believe, the heart is still preserved in the family—and verily it was as true a heart as was ever withered by infidelity or inspired by genius.

In the general remarks at page 27, upon Shelley's private character, we, on the whole, coincide. He was not only sincere as a flame of fire, but kind-hearted, obliging, tolerant, and candid. Yet, although this was his general character, he was sometimes, as in "Peter Bell the Third," betrayed into unjustifiable and outrageous language against his political foes, and even against Wordsworth and Coleridge, who were both admirers of his genius. And surely De Quincey goes too far when he calls Shelley

"the purest of men." A sensualist he was not; but his early errors were of no trivial magnitude, and although naturally of fine dispositions, and of high spiritual tastes, the bad licentious system he advocated did, to some extent, pervert poison, and degrade a right noble nature. Still we cordially agree with the closing paragraph of De Quincey's sketch: "When one thinks of the misery which he suffered, and of the insolent infidelity which, being yet so young, he wooed with a lover's passion, then the darkness of midnight begins to form a deep impenetrable background, upon which the plantasmagoria of all that is to come may arrange itself in troubled phosphoric streams, and in sweeping processions of woe. Yet, again, when one recurs to his gracious nature, his fearlessness, his truth, his purity from all fleshliness of appetite, his freedom from vanity, his diffusive love and tenderness, suddenly out of the darkness reveals itself a morning in May; forests and thickets of roses advance to the foreground; from the midst of them looks out the 'Eternal Child,' cleansed from his sorrow, radiant with joy, having power given him to forget the misery which he suffered, power given him to forget the misery which he caused, and leaning with his heart upon that dove-like faith against which his erring intellect had rebelled."

Thus amidst a thick cloud of flowers and foliage does our charitable author smuggle the poor fellow into heaven—and we have not the heart to say one word to oppose the attempt! Only let it be ever remembered that if saved, he was saved so as by fire, and not in consequence, but in spite of of, his most miserable creed.

From Shelley what a bound downwards in one sense, and upwards in another, to Dr. Samuel Parr! It is the leap from a half-cracked seraph (like an angel, as we say elsewhere, who had been maddened by gazing too intently at the Scheckinah!) to an earthborn Titan. It is coming from one something more than Collins to one something less than Johnson. There can be no doubt that De Quincey is actuated by a certain animus against old Sam Parr, and that his estimate of him is too low. In spite of his "Spital Sermon," Parr was a great man; in spite of his pompous pedantic tricks, he had a warm heart; in spite of his political partisanship, he was a true patriot; and in spite of his incessant smoking, he had a very clear and masculine mind. His preface to "Bellendenus" has a force of thought, a precision of style, a discrimination of judgment, and a depth of learning, which show that its author had the power to have constructed a work truly gigantic; and that, if not a Milton, or a Burke, or a Coleridge, he belonged to the same class of mind with the Johnsons, Gibbons, Warburtons, and Horsleys—inferior to each of these four last in some points, but in others equal, if not superior. A creative mind he had not, and never could have been a poet or a philosopher of the highest order; but he was potentially a great critic, a great controversialist, and a great biographical historian—in fact, not very inferior to De Quincey himself, only with more rhetoric and less logic, with more Latin and less Greek, with more force of intellect and character, and with a less refined and subtle genius. In reference to learning, too, we might institute a comparison between Parr and the Opium-Eater and contend that, although De Quincey's knowledge lies more philosophically and compactly within his grasp, Parr had a more extensive range, and greater accuracy and exactitude of information; that, if De Quincey has more sovereigns, Parr has shillings in such multitudes as to surpass the treasures of the other, both in weight and in value. In one point there is a striking resemblance between the dead and the living—we mean in bodily size, and in the singular fact, that to both these redoubtable scholars the words of Goldsmith might be applied.

And still they gazed, and still the wonder grew,
That one small head could carry all he knew.

If, however, we cannot coincide exactly with the criticisms or the political tone of this paper on Parr, we can commend it as, perhaps, the ablest and most amusing chapter in the volume. It is full of knowledge, wit, sarcasm, and contains graphic portraits of men and things that are

Long enough gone,

and that but for such a pen as De Quincey's would soon float on to oblivion.

His next paper is on "Oliver Goldsmith," and bating some cringing to his biographer Forster

(not Foster)—which reminds you of an oak bowing to the mushroom at its root—is a very pleasing and instructive production. We do not think, however (and we gather from some expressions in the preface that De Quincey is of the same opinion himself), that our author at all appreciates Goldsmith's exquisite powers, although he admirably portrays his social and literary position. In the "Vicar of Wakefield" he finds "delightful unconscious egotism;" but he only mentions slightly the "Deserted Village" and the "Traveller," and ignores altogether the delicate humour, the picturesque description, the fine vein of moralising, the teeming novelty of character, and the Addisonian richness and variety, of the "Citizen of the World." He is very angry at Goldsmith for depreciating Shakespeare; and in the fact that he does depreciate him we coincide, but by no means in the anger. This was just one of dear Goldy's usual envious little crotchets, and as his we pardon it cheerfully; and not only so, but we believe that in his heart Goldsmith deeply admired and warmly loved Shakespeare; and if he spoke slightly of him, it was because, partly through Johnson's preface, and partly through Garrick's playing, everybody else was getting enthusiastic about his genius.

As to Mr. De Quincey's elaborate vindication of Goldsmith from charges of blundering, talking nonsense, it is just so much labour thrown away. The public love Goldsmith, not only in spite of, but in consequence of, these little stories; and it is foolish in Forster to expect thanks for reducing, or seeking to reduce, him to a correct and commonplace character. He was no hero, but an inspired *haverer*, as we say in Scotland; and the thorough simplicity of his character is proved by the absurdities, follies, and outspoken sallies of feeling into which he was hurried by the impetuosity of his heart. He just uttered what others thought—he just did what others would have done, if they durst; he was the mere child of impulse, besides being a genuine "Paddy from Cork." No; we won't consent to sacrifice our fine-hearted, foolish-talking Goldy, the facsimile of Moses in the Vicar of Wakefield, to the refinements of a fastidious and fribbleish criticism. The stories of the bloom-coloured coat and the puppet-show are among the most delightfully amusing in the language, and shall continue to be told and laughed at, after the name of Forster has been for centuries forgotten.

His next paper, on Wordsworth's poetry, is one of the most masterly in the volume. No one, unless Professor Wilson, and perhaps Hazlitt, has ever entered so fully as De Quincey into the spirit of Wordsworth's poetry; its profound repose; its abstraction from the world; its

Grace of forest charms decayed,
And pastoral melancholy;

and its power of expressing aspects of nature and emotions in the human heart, which all had seen or felt before, but none had been able to utter. He alludes, for instance, to the phrase, in reference to a cataract seen some miles off, that it is "frozen by distance." We were sailing up Loch Lomond the other day; the Ben was invisible from mist; but a waterfall which comes down his sides appeared to greater advantage from the gloom, and seemed a line of lightning, descending from a dark cloud. A gentleman who had never, we believe, read Wordsworth, came up to us, and said, "Does not that cataract look as if it were frozen?" This was precisely the Wordsworthian idea, and must have occurred a thousand times to a thousand persons. In this point, in what we may call daring common-place, Wordsworth bears a striking resemblance to Cowper, whose popularity often arises from the emphatic and earnest way in which he enunciates what all men knew before him, but from that fear of talking truisms, which is as prevalent and as pernicious as the fear of uttering bold and startling paradoxes, had not the courage to utter.

The paper which follows on John Keats is the shortest and slightest in the volume. In it he takes the author of "Literary Portraits" to task for some remarks he had made about the indolence of men of genius. Mr. Gilfillan had asserted that Johnson was indolent—as everybody else, including Boswell and Johnson himself, had done. Mr. De Quincey points in reply to the Dictionary, "a backload for a camel." But what is the truth? Johnson did occasionally make convulsive efforts, such as this of the Dictionary, extending over several years; but for longer years he lay fallow: he had at all times a disinclination to labour; and,

subtracting the "Dictionary" and the "Lives of the Poets," his productions are almost entirely fugitive essays or occasional poems. There is no bond of union, except the name, connecting the papers of "The Rambler" together; and we miss, in the list of his writings, any such original, consecutive, and monumental work as Hume's "England" or Gibbon's "Rome." Many of his essays were written at the rate of an hour each, and the rest of the day was often given to utter lassitude. In this we are far from blaming him; it was his scrofulous constitution which bred a sullen, sleepy gloom, incapacitating him for continuous toil; and had he got his pension at an earlier period, his Dictionary would never have appeared; and had he been born a rich man, he would not have written at all. Cumberland said of him that "had he found himself in a clover-field he would have lain down and rolled in it."

De Quincey does not, we think, act wisely in serving up some stale gossip about Addison's two tumblers of brandy at Holland House, between which he is said to have walked, sipping of each duly on his way. Had any similar story been told of Goldsmith or Swift, how eagerly would our author have sought to crush it! As it is, we believe it to be a mere gossiping lie. Whatever Addison's habits latterly were, he was not the man to make such an unnecessary and ostentatious display of them. Prudence, far more than intemperance, was his besetting sin. If any one besides can believe that the Saturday papers of the *Spectator* (as has been alleged in connection with the above story) were written on the vulgar fumes of brandy, we venture to doubt his critical competence; for assuredly they exhibit no incoherence, no exaggeration, no unhealthy heat, but discover a mind as sober and calm, as it is rich and vigorous, and in the fullest possession of all its refined and exquisite powers.

Mr. De Quincey, next, is undoubtedly too severe on Savage. He calls him the "vildest of swindlers," trusting to Boswell's researches, which tried to prove that Savage was the son, not of the Earl Rivers and Lady Macclesfield, as he himself pretended, but of a shoemaker. But Mr. De Quincey has not read, or has forgotten, Malone's note upon the passage on Boswell. Malone says: "The story that Savage was a supposititious child, not the son of Lord Rivers and Lady Macclesfield, but the offspring of a shoemaker, introduced in consequence of her real son's death, was, without doubt, grounded on the circumstance of Lady M. having, in 1696—precisely to the birth of Savage—had a daughter by the Earl of Rivers, who died in her infancy; a fact which was proved in the course of the proceedings on Lord Macclesfield's bill of divorce." Indeed, if Savage was a swindler, he must have been one of the most dexterous that ever lived, since he deceived Johnson, Pope, Sir Richard Steele, Henry Fielding, the Earl of Tyrconnell, Queen Caroline, and the public generally. He says that "no person of any manliness would have sought to win his daily bread from the terrors of her whom he claimed as his mother;" but forgets in the first place to what base subterfuges the fear of absolute starvation has reduced men of far more dignity than Savage ever pretended to be; and, secondly, what his mother had done against him—by preventing him from obtaining a legacy left him by Mrs. Lloyd his godmother, and by seeking to prevent the Queen from pardoning him when he was under sentence of death. On what terms could he hold a woman (who was, besides, a self-proclaimed adulteress) capable of treating her own child in such a manner? We are far from vindicating Savage's general conduct; but we venture to assert, apart from external evidence, that no impostor could have written a poem like "The Bastard," the whole inspiration of which springs from a burning sense of personal wrong. No poet, had he not been

Conceived in rapture, and in fire begot,

could have so eloquently recorded the story of his injuries.

What De Quincey says about the connection of genius and happiness is, on the whole, true. He says that men of genius have a larger capacity of happiness than others; but he adds, "this capacity may be defeated in ten thousand ways." An eminent writer says somewhere to the same purpose: "It requires the whole power of Christianity to make a man of conscious ability contented with the world. How can any one with a human cuticle but shrink from the perpetual asperities of life, the heartless neglect and the sullen selfishness which he must meet every day

of his existence? The nature of the dwellers in the land of imagination, of which Poetry keeps the golden key, is to look on everything as in sunshine, to strew the rough ways with roses and lilies, and to cover the ruggedness of the horizon with ethereal blue. Nothing but poverty and misery can turn the poet's natural milk of human kindness into the sourness of satire or the minute carping of unkind criticism, itself the most detestable exercise of a worn-out pen."

When, after a skirmishing fight of some twelve pages, in which we beg leave to think him generally unsuccessful, our author comes at last to Keats, his remarks will be found very just and eloquent. He charges "Endymion" with the very midsummer madness of affection, of false vapoury sentiment, and of fantastic effeminacy; while of "Hyperion" he says: "It presents the majesty, the austere beauty, and the simplicity of a Grecian temple, enriched with Grecian sculpture."

The last paper is one on Homer and the Homeridae, and is by far the most learned and classical of these discussions. We regret that our space does not permit us to enter on it any further than by stating that our readers will find it to steer a medium course, between the scepticisms and the hyper-orthodox, on the vexata *questio* of the authorship of the Homeric poems; to be full of amusement as well as closely packed lore; and to display an intense appreciation of all the peculiar qualities of Homeric genius and of its marvellous productions. **APOLLODORUS.**

The Economical Housekeeper: being Practical Advice for Purchasing the Supplies of the House, and for Brewing, Baking, Preserving, and Pickling at Home. By J. H. WALSH, F.R.C.S., assisted by a Committee of Ladies. London: G. Routledge and Co. 1857.

As the preface informs us, this is a part of Mr. Walsh's valuable "Manual of Domestic Economy," issued in larger type. Encouraged by the success of the latter work, it has been determined to re-issue it in a more extended form, and this is the first result of that determination. This part contains what Mr. Walsh calls "the various methods of supplying the house with its necessities of life, the processes of baking, brewing, pickling, and preserving," &c. It does not include cookery, further than a few receipts for fancy breads, cakes, preserves, made wines, liqueurs, &c. So far as it goes, it is very complete, and, being beautifully printed upon excellent paper, and well illustrated with steel plates, it makes a very handsome as well as useful little volume. It is divided into two great sections—"Purchased Goods," and "Home Manufactures"—and both seem to be completely exhausted. We cannot help thinking, however, that either Mr. Walsh or the Committee of Ladies has descended a little too deeply into particulars when he gravely prints such a recipe as the following:

ICED WATER.

This merely requires a lump or two of clear ice (Wenham Lake is the best) to be put into fine spring water, which will be kept at the temperature of 52° as long as any ice remains unthawed.

As a companion to the foregoing, might not Mr. Walsh give the following?

BREAD AND BUTTER.

Take a little butter (fresh butter is the best), scrape it upon the bread, cut thin, and serve. Sugar, treacle, or jam is an improvement.

N.B.—As some people have a difficulty in ascertaining upon which side their bread is buttered, it may be as well to butter it on both sides occasionally.

In spite, however, of the recipe for iced water, Mr. Walsh's book is a most sensible and useful addition to the housekeeper's library.

Celtic Gleanings. By the Rev. Thos. M'Lachlan. (MacLachlan and Stewart), is a series of four lectures on the History and Literature of the Scotch Gael, delivered at Edinburgh, and published by request. Our lecturer is a vehement admirer of the Celtic race and the Celtic character. To that blood he attributes all the virtues of which Englishmen boast. He says, "the lowest stratum of the population of England is Celtic." His most marvellous discovery is that the Celtic race is the parent of liberty, and he illustrates this by France, who has twice tried a Republic, and once changed the title of the sovereign from King of France to King of the French. The rest of the world has hitherto thought that the history of France was the strongest proof that the Celtic race were better adapted for despotism than a republic, their pas-

sion being for equality, but not for liberty. The lectures will, however, well repay perusal, for they are by far the most popular sketch of Gaelic history, antiquities, and literature, which we have ever seen.

The Geography of Strabo: literally translated, with Notes. By H. C. HAMILTON and W. FALCONER. 3 vols. Vol. III. (London: Bohn.)—This translation of Strabo is a part of "Bohn's Classical Library." Glancing at its pages, we are struck with the fullness of the information collected by the old geographer, and with its general accuracy. He accepts with unhesitating faith the marvels and superstitions which were the common creed of his age, and he does not always try the accuracy of his informants by the test of internal consistency; but we know of no modern geography that is so full in its details. It is by no means a dry book—on the contrary, it is extremely amusing; and there are few who open it at any page who will not be tempted to read on. The translation is ably executed.

Colonisation, Defence, and Railways, in our Indian Empire. By HYDE CLARKE (Weale).—appears to be a pamphlet dedicated to the one purpose of advocating the formation of an extensive system of railways in India. It is a laborious collection of facts; but we are incompetent to determine the weight of the argument.

Tracts on the Native Army of India, by Brigadier-General John Jacob (London: Smith, Elder, and Co.), is a reprint of a pamphlet by one of our most experienced Indian officers, full of valuable information, which will help the public mind in coming to a judgment on the future organisation and discipline of the Indian army.

Mr. Mechi has published a short pamphlet, giving, as the results of his own experience, instructions *How to Farm Profitably, particularly on stiff, heavy Clays* (Longmans). It is thoroughly practical, brief, and clear. It should be in the hand of every owner and occupier of a clay soil.

What is to be done with the Bengal Army? By Qui Hi. (Wilson).—The writer of this pamphlet dissents from all the propositions that have found most favour with the English public. He is of opinion that India could not be maintained by British troops alone, nor by native troops composed of a mixture of castes. He asserts that the people at home have no conception of the true character of the Hindoos, or of the effect of caste. He would revive the Sepoys under new regulations.

Two Letters on Girls' Schools, by Mrs. Austin (Chapman and Hall), are reprinted from the *Athenæum*. They suggest a better training for girls of the middle classes, and the teaching of them useful common things rather than useless accomplishments.

The Care of the Sick, by Richard Burwell (Chapman and Hall), is a second edition of a course of practical lectures delivered by a surgeon to the Working Women's College. They describe practically and familiarly the management of a sick room, and of sick persons. They may be read with profit by all classes, though addressed originally to the poor.

Dogography, by Francis Butler (New York: Butler), is a satire in the shape of an autobiography of a dog. It is smart and humorous.

The Etymology of Local Names, by A. Morris (Judd and Glass), presents in a small book of about fifty pages the etymology of our local names. Thus, Wolverhampton means the wolf's home town; Bexley, the meadow of the rivulet; Broxbourne, the badger's stream; and so forth.

A Woman's Preachings for Woman's Practice, by Augusta Johnstone (Groombridge).—A series of chapters of sound sensible advice on a great variety of topics, as punctuality, amusements, reading, stimulants, chat, dress, caprice, coquetry.

The ninth volume of *Lord Campbell's Lives of the Lord Chancellors* (Murray), is the new stereotyped edition, issued at a price that brings it within the attainment of the most modest libraries. This volume contains the Lives of Lord Erskine and Lord Eldon.

PERIODICALS AND SERIALS.

The Westminster Review is more varied and interesting than any number that has appeared for a long time. It opens with a capital article on "Female Dress in 1857," treating it with mingled satire and argument, as a great social and moral evil, which undoubtedly it is; but unfortunately fashion is proof against every weapon that can be

wielded against it. "Political Priests," *à propos* of the Mayo election, treats of the influences of the priesthood and their proper and improper exercise. Buckle's "History of Civilisation in England" is the theme of an essay abounding in original thought. "Aurora Leigh" is reviewed by a discriminating hand. "The Four Empires" is an able examination of the present state of the European Commonwealth, its tendencies and prospects. "Representative Government, what is it good for?" will surprise the habitual readers of the *Westminster*. Thinly disguised, the conclusions of the writer coincide with those so often expressed by Carlyle: "It cannot," says the reviewer, "be called a success so far as the choice of men is concerned. Those it puts into power are the fittest neither in respect of their interests, their culture, nor their wisdom. And as a consequence, partly of this and partly of its complex and cumbrous nature, representative government is anything but efficient for all administrative purposes." But, granting these defects, they are outweighed by its advantages. "The Progress of English Jurisprudence," and "Momsen's Roman History," are the other topics treated of.

The National Review, which has a political and philosophical creed of its own, opens with a paper on "Army Reform," a subject worn out by the newspapers. "The Military Revolt in India" is an attempt to analyse the causes and origin of the outbreak; and "Professor Rogers's Unspiritual Religion" is the one theological essay. Alexander Smith and Béranger are the poets selected for review, the former by the pen which in former numbers has criticised Shelley and Moore. The reviewer is severe, but tells some useful truths. "Popular Legends and Fairy Tales" form the subject of the lighter literature; and "Waterton's Natural History," and a very learned paper on the "Ultimate Laws of Physiology," supply the department of science. This is not the best number of this popular review.

The London Quarterly Review is more varied than usual, and less sectarian. The subjects selected for essays are, "The University of London," "Tooke's History of Prices" (learned, but dull), "Contemporary French Philosophy," "The Manchester Exhibition," "Silver from the Mine to the Mint" (the most instructive as well as the most amusing paper in the number), "The Lives of the Chief Justices" (extracting the pith of Lord Campbell's volumes), "Lord Dufferin's Voyage to Iceland," "The Chronicles of Geneva," and, lastly, the all-absorbing "Sepoy Rebellion."

Dr. Winslow's Journal of Psychological Medicine and Mental Pathology is the only periodical exclusively devoted to mental physiology, and it is replete with interest and information for all who desire to know themselves. The October number opens with the editor's address on "The Mission of the Psychologist." This is followed by essays on "The Insanity of Early Life," every page of which is full of important facts. Another essay on "Moral Liberty" discusses, with the calmness of an observer of facts, a question which is too often treated with prejudice or ignorance. "Philosophical Progress" traces the gradual advancement made by mental philosophy, which has now taken its place among the physical sciences, and is no longer treated as a matter of theory and imagination. Another essay that will be read with profit is on "The Compensatory Relations between the Faculties of Order and Memory," by Mr. Mayo. "The Psychology of Wolf" is ably analysed. The reports of the asylums at home and abroad complete the number.

The Journal of the Royal Agricultural Society treats of Farming in Bedfordshire: describes minutely the famous Lois Weedon Husbandry; discusses the comparative advantages of sowing beans in spring and in autumn; introduces Mr. Denton's prize essay on "Farm Roads on Strong Soils;" treats of the Cultivation of Early Potatoes and of Dairy Management; and presents a learned paper by Dr. Voelker on Farmyard Manure.

The Dublin University Magazine commences a series of papers to be entitled "Passages in Irish Ethnology," by Dr. Latham, the subject of this one being the relations of the Irish to the Northmen. "Curiosities of the English Language" are very interesting. Professor Creasy's "Cardinal Treaties" are continued, the present one being the Peace of Utrecht. Mr. Shirley Brooks's novel, "The Partners," and a new tale entitled "McCormack's Grudge," are the light literature of the number.

Bentley's Miscellany has a memoir of Béranger;

a capital paper entitled "A Fortnight's Sport in the Highlands;" "The Life of an Architect;" a biography of "The Young Roonies;" and a continuation of Mr. Costello's tale, "The Millionaire of Mincing-lane," with other papers of lesser note.

The Art Journal for September engraves from the Royal Collection Winterhalter's "Princess Victoria of Coorg," and Moreauhous's "Preparing for the Chase." Gibson is the English artist illustrated by woodcuts. Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Hall's "Book of the Thames" is adorned with many exquisite engravings. The October number gives us Bouvy's "Prison Group," and Leitch's "Birth of Belphebe and Amorette," with three exquisite woodcuts, from George Lance's *chefs d'œuvre*.

The National Magazine completes the first year of its existence, and well deserves its success. Its woodcuts are well selected and admirably executed, being for the most part copies of celebrated pictures, instead of bad originals. They introduce us to many foreign works of which otherwise readers at home would have no knowledge.

Routledge's Shakespeare, Parts XII. and XIII. contain the two parts of King Henry the Fourth, with a multitude of woodcuts, and notes by Staunton.

Paved with Gold, by the Brothers Mayhew, has advanced to the 7th part, and here describes in the best manner of the authors the famous Derby Day, with two capital illustrations.

Part V. of *Brough's Life of Sir John Falstaff*, illustrated by G. Cruikshank, presents, from the pencil of the great comic artist, Sir John and Mrs. Quickly, and Sir John driving Ancient Pistol from his presence.

The United States Magazine narrates a day at Colt's revolving pistol works, with engravings; gives an essay on Poe, with a portrait; and has, besides, illustrated travels, &c.

The Ladies' Companion adds to a coloured engraving of the present preposterous fashion a great deal of light literature, and a sporting picture.

The West of Scotland Magazine is a production of Glasgow highly creditable to her intellect. "Art and Life" is an essay that would do honour to any periodical.

The following periodicals are entitled to notice:—No. 12 of Mr. Adams's *Cyclopædia of Female Biography*, which completes the work; *The Englishwoman's Domestic Magazine*; *The Boy's Own Magazine*; *Davenport Dunn*, a new novel by Lever, which has reached its fourth number with growing interest; Cole's *Lorimer Littlegood*, of which the fourth part is before us, and very amusing it is; *The British Controversialist*, pages open to arguments on all sides of all questions; *The Celtic Union*, a new magazine to be devoted to Celtic antiquities and interests; and the eighth number of Mr. Russell's world-renowned *History of the Crimean Expedition*, a reprint from the *Times*, with illustrations.

GEORGE SELWYN.—Amongst the expiring wits and beaux of high life, I can justly recollect, when I was a boy, the famous George Selwyn, whose name is now nearly forgotten, but whose *bon mots* then were in every one's mouth. He had a peculiarity so grafted in his nature, that it might be called a passion—this was an irrepressible desire to see public executions. On one occasion of some particular culprit being executed at Tyburn, a friend, who knew his foible, betted him one hundred guineas that he would be present at the ceremony; he accepted the bet, he was discovered in the crowd, in the dress of an old apple-woman, and paid the money. During the period which followed the rebellion in 1746, he had attended the execution of Lord Balmerino at the Tower, and when reproached with cruelty in witnessing the death of one whom he had personally known, he exculpated himself by pleading his foible, and adding that, if he had erred in going to see Lord Balmerino's head cut off, he had afterwards made every reparation in his power by going the next day to see the head sewed on, previous to the interment. When in Paris his anxiety was so great to see a famous malefactor broke upon the wheel, that he hit upon a curious expedient. Upon great occasions of this sort (I think it was that of Damiani), the head executioner of Paris was wont to invite his comrades from the provinces to assist at this specimen of their art. Selwyn contrived early to be near the scaffold, and when the provincial artists made their appearance he joined their party at the bar through which they were admitted; the first was announced as Monsieur de Lyons, then Monsieur de Bordeaux, &c., but when it came to Selwyn's turn, the attendant, seeing he was an Englishman, said in an inquiring tone, "Monsieur de Londres?" to which Selwyn bowed assent, and mounted the scaffold in the character of the English Jack Ketch.—*Journal of T. Raikes, Esq.*

FOREIGN LITERATURE.

THE CRITIC ABROAD.

GREATNESS, living or dead, has often a disagreeable penalty to pay. The hero, the philosopher, the poet, has been placed in his niche, his head bound with laurels. Some inquiring spirit ascends by a ladder to this niche, and discovers that of these laurels some are bound with humble worsted or vulgar packthread, and that with the green bay-leaves are often intertwined vulgar docks and innocent chickweed. If not sufficiently daring to mount the ladder, the inquiring spirit interrogates the valet, the tailor, the charwoman, the laundress. He rakes up the diaries, investigates the correspondence, examines the tailor's bills, of greatness; and, passing by all the sound glass, registers cracks and flaws. He finds that a great captain fainted at the sight of blood; that a great admiral had a horror of salt water; that a philanthropist had neglected to pay a milk-score; that a political reformer, keen enough to discover rottenness in the state of Denmark, or any other state, had great need himself of moral whitewash; that the poet who sang of love was wont to beat his wife; that the painter who exalted beauty was marked with the small pox; that a patron saint was troubled by a certain weakness of the flesh; and much more. It is unfortunate, then, that a great man should have a record attaching to him beyond the record of his genius, and what it has accomplished. Genius surrounds itself with a spell; but it sometimes contributes, of itself, to have this spell broken. We worship it afar off; but the nearer we come, we discover humanity after all. The Sun was believed to be a body of pure light, until the unbelieving critic regarded him through coloured glasses, and found that he had spots. There are suns to which now, and fortunately in a sense, we cannot apply the test, and must consequently believe them to be of pure molten silver, without continents of base scoria floating on their surface. The most fortunate genius is the one who leaves no personal history behind him—whose history is to be read only in his actions or his sayings, in his words or his works. It is he who has a pedestal next to the gods, and whose position in the Valhalla there are the fewest to dispute. You cannot discover whether he was old and querulous, or young and selfish—whether he was crooked as Æsop, or whether he limped like Tyrtæus.

It is not the great alone who have to suffer by the investigations of posterity. Posterity itself is a sufferer. It reaps the reward of impertinent curiosity. It discovers that its idol, set up in marble or fine gold, was flesh and blood after all—that it ate and drank, and had to protect itself from the heats of summer and the colds of winter—that it had its temptations before which it fell, its foibles to which it yielded. Ingenious young ladies and smitten young gentlemen persecute the poet, or the literary lion, for his autograph, for his portrait. His manuscript dispossesses them of half their ardour—his likeness does the rest. He is humanity—a biped depending upon the printer to place him before the world, and upon a tailor to permit him to walk the streets. There is a hidden philosophy in all this. Human nature doubts in the perfectibility of human nature, and it is glad to discover that in the highest genius there are traces of humanity. If the life of a great man should fortunately square with his sayings and doings, it is regarded rather as a misfortune. If he has not sinned, he ought to have sinned. How can we excuse ourselves for having taken a particular course if others have not done the same? Error is always on the look-out for an easy chair upon which some one else has sat. What joy it would give to know a little more of Homer or Shakspeare. Homer was blind; Shakspeare held a horse at the door of a theatre. The one fact is about as true as the other. But who would read Homer with the same zest if he were to be told that Homer had the same belief in the Trojans as he had in the Lilliputians; that he begged alms by the light of mutton-fat; and that Shakspeare lent money at usury, repudiated Anne Hathaway, and laughed at the tears shed over his tragedy of King Lear? Boswell de-heroises Johnson, and Lockhart has done the same towards Scott. Somehow we would rather have known the one and the other through his writings than through

his other doings. But we all desire to pluck of the tree of knowledge, and, when we have eaten of it, make wry faces. The writers of French memoirs and of English diaries, while they entertain and instruct, do much to reduce themselves to an ignoble standard. They are, and have been, a respectable set of brokers' men, placed upon premises to take inventory of everything, from a four-post mahogany to an old slipper—from a vase of Sévres or Dresden to a fractured pipkin. They expatiate more, unfortunately, on broken furniture than sound. A damaged reputation commands often a higher figure than a sound one—as the knife of a traitor, made of a common hoop, will command francs where a polished blade of innocent Sheffield steel will only command centimes. The biographer of great men rejoices sometimes as much in iniquity pertaining to his subject as he rejoices in the truth.

The appearance of the second edition of a work by Louis Nicolardot—*Ménage et Finances de Voltaire*—has had something to do with this rather lengthy introduction. The scandal of its first appearance has been intensified by this second appearance. Voltaire was a genius and a great man, but one of those great men who have, unfortunately, left behind them the records of their stockings and small clothes. That he was supremely selfish there can be no doubt; but a son of France might have been found, like another Shem or Japhet, to cover the nakedness of an intoxicated French savant. Voltaire in this work has had his house invaded from kitchen to garret. He was no friend to the clergy of the Church of Rome, and in this instance the clergy have taken reprisals. His talent, his genius, are not denied; but it was the one and the other which made him hateful. The author who ridiculed the wigs of the clergy of Geneva made himself agreeable to the ridiculed in so far as he made the ridiculous of the Church of Rome more ridiculous. We are bound to believe, however, that Voltaire, his genius put on one side, was a very inferior man—weak and selfish—just one of those persons into whose laurels bits of coloured calico have been interwoven with the genuine bay. The present work has been divided into four chapters, each divided into a number of paragraphs, and intitled: *Histoire de la fortune; Histoire des dépenses; Histoire des libéralités de Voltaire*; and a final one, *Quelques lésineries et friponneries de Voltaire*. Each of these chapters is a Leyden jar, charged by Ultramontane electricity, and which has been discharged to shock the nerves of the republican followers of the philosopher of Ferney. We learn from this production that Voltaire was very careful of his money, was a great screw, and a bad paymaster. In short, he was a scrub. He never acknowledged a kindness, and he never owned a debt. He took credit for generousities which he had never rendered. Among the most curious among his *lésineries* and *friponneries* is that where he refused to pay a hundred crowns for wood. This wood had been furnished by the farmers of the President de Brosse, and Voltaire always pretended that it had been a present made to him by the President. De Brosse denied this most emphatically, and a correspondence between the two exhibits the philosopher in a mean light rather. "Was ever such a present made," writes the indignant President, "except to a convent of Capuchins? . . . I would have given it to him as a present, if he had asked me; but one does not expect things so low." Voltaire endeavoured, publicly, to turn the President into ridicule. The latter, if he had not the wit of the philosopher, had the advantage of a sounder judgement, and proposed that the author of the *Henriade* should write him a receipt to the following effect:—"I, the undersigned, François-Marie Arout, Chevalier of Ferney, &c., acknowledge that M. de Brosse, President of Parliament, has made me a present of fourteen loads of wood, for my warming, to the amount of 480 sous, for which I thank him." &c. One can well conceive the grimace with which the philosopher received this missive. But he was one of those philosophers who are not to be shamed out of a sous. De Brosse was a thorn in his side. When, afterwards, Voltaire boasted of his liberality, and that he had helped a worthy man out of prison, one Belem, the President asserts that he took him

out of prison, profiting by his necessity, to buy his small farm at a vile price!"

Voltaire had a great love of money, and was very fond of keeping it. He was a proper miser. To part with a franc was to part with a drop of blood. He made his own markets, and higgled over a sous as the veriest costermonger would higgled over a shilling. He was covetous, and no meanness deterred him. What he coveted he endeavoured to gain, at any price of reputation. "Avarice poignards you," said his niece, Madame Denis. He lodged once in the house of one named M. Joré, of Rouen, who entertained him hospitably, and engaged a valet to attend him. He dismissed the latter, paying him half his wages: his host had to pay the balance. Tired of the town, Voltaire went into the country, to the house of his host. He lived there alone: the gardener's wife supplied his wants, fed him with new eggs and fresh vegetables, and went three times a week to town with copy or with proofs. Absorbed, no doubt, in his lucubrations, the poet gave this woman ten livres only for all her trouble. The host made up more than once the insufficiency of his generousities. In fine, the poet, after having resided above seven months under this hospitable roof, quitted it, giving a shilling of gratuity among all the servants. This was very shabby; but shabbiness attended the poet. He is always boasting of his munificence, which in part consists of feeling, at a miserable bread-and-cheese dinner, many to write and transcribe for him, and to father the authorship of literary works which he had not the courage to publish in his own name. He lent an amanuensis a few coppers, and regarded himself as a Mæcenas. He kept a few from absolute starvation, and when they turned round upon him, he accused them of ingratitude. He has been known to go out, to *chop* bargains; has used all his skill and rhetoric to blind the eyes of a dealer, and has been known to rejoice when he has circumvented him. He has boasted of his gratuities to men of genius; but, as has been stated, his gratuities were never gratuitous. With an income of 200,000 francs a year, he makes boast that he gave to the poor 1000. All his savings he invested in the funds. And this Democritus, this laughing philosopher, had a great fear of death. It might come to all the world; but it ought not to come to him. It was for him to abuse religion; and there was no one ever, who more solicited its aid. It was for him to rail against superstition; but no one, when the feeble wrapping of scepticism was laid aside, was more superstitious. He had emancipated himself from the bonds of religion more through a devil-may-care conscience than through the strength of philosophy. He realised in himself the three great characters of Molière. He was the *Avaro*, the *Malade Imaginaire*, and the *Bourgeois Gentilhomme*, not to speak of *Tartuffe*. We cannot say that his biographers have always exercised good taste in proving these points; but we must take the world as we find it. Once he bought of a farmer a load of hay. The price was so much. Before the hay was delivered the markets had fallen. The philosopher of Ferney refused to receive his purchase on the first condition. "But I have your word for it," said the countryman. "Keep my word and your hay at the same time," was the answer of the Seigneur of Ferney. That he was a famous tuft hunter there can be no doubt. His vanity made him miserable. His idolatrous, or rather sycophantish, worship of the King of Prussia is well known. Between the two it was the realisation of a vulgarism—"Scratch my back, and I shall scratch yours." When the Emperor Joseph II. was travelling in Switzerland, Voltaire made sure that he would receive an imperial visit. The most distinguished residents of the neighbourhood were invited to his saloons: the Seigneur of Ferney was in his most splendid toilette, in full dress for the honour which awaited him. The party waited; the time expected for the visit passed on, and the company was beginning to get inquiet, when all at once it was learned that the Emperor, on his way to Lausanne, had arrived at Geneva, and did not mean to visit Ferney. If the disappointment was great for the company, it was greater to the Seigneur of

Ferney. He hastened from the saloon, and some minutes afterwards, with rueful countenance, in robe-de-chambre and a night-cap, he opened the door, and, in the voice of a man ready to die, inquired of all who were assembled whether they would not permit a poor man to die in peace? Voltaire was not a hypochondriac, but he assumed the part of one. He had always, as most selfish people have, an imaginary disease. To believe him, he had had a visitation, at different times, of all the ills that flesh is heir to. He clung to life and greatly feared death. The latter he found was inevitable; and with characteristic charity, he bequeathed three hundred livres to the poor of Ferney, "if there were any." We have often doubted the relation of his death, but repeated statements interpose themselves. He had lived not without faith; but, having spurned it, he was not in a condition to fall back, without a loss of pride, upon hope. "From the beginning of his malady," says D'Alembert, "he showed himself terrified with the disagreeable consequences which should ensue." No fact is better verified, no historical fact has been better established, than the frightful rage and despondency of this man when he came to die. "He died after having devoured his excrement, and in a terror of which it is impossible to give an idea. It was a hurricane of folly," says one witness. "I cannot recall it without horror," adds his physician, Tronchin, the Protestant: "rage seized upon his soul. Recall to memory the furies of Orestes; and thus died Voltaire: *Furiis agitato obiit!*" Thus the laurels of many of our heroes are resolved into common thistles and burdocks.

Voltaire, in his private character, has been judged differently by impartial writers. He was too much occupied with the affairs of others, it has been said, to attend greatly to his own; and this, too, is said of a man who greatly resembled him in many points of character—Béranger. Both took pleasure in defending the weak, encouraging the diffident, and assisting the needy. The latter was, perhaps, less ostentatious than the former, however, regarding his liberalities. They had a resemblance in another respect. Both exercised a species of dictatorship over public opinion. Béranger's, indeed, was confined to France almost exclusively; that of Voltaire's extended all over Europe. Both were animated by generous and liberal ideas, and were patriarchy to a young generation; both were the objects of bigoted hatred. The fierce Jesuit to this day dips his pen into envenomed ink to destroy the characters of the two. The life of Béranger, written by his own hand, will shortly appear, it is understood. It is not likely to be a startling memoir; but we are prepared to receive much curious information respecting the great characters of the present century, his cotemporaries, and are ready to believe that he will write frankly and truthfully. We scarcely expect, however, that we shall gain a deeper insight of his inner life than we already possess in his songs and his letters to his friends. Meanwhile, M. Savinien Lapointe has issued *Mémoires sur Béranger. Souvenirs, confidences, opinions, anecdotes, lettres*. This work will afford great pleasure to the admirers of the *chansonnier*. M. Lapointe fancies that Béranger, morally, was very little understood. This surely is a mistake. The life, the manners, the habits of the poet—his traits, his whole appearance, which announced so little of gross instincts or vulgar manners—were perfectly known to the whole population of Paris. M. Savinien Lapointe stood in relation to Béranger in a manner as Boswell stood to Johnson. They had been intimate friends for sixteen years, and the writer of the memoirs is the only one before whom the poet was not afraid to think aloud. The judgment he passed upon some of his contemporaries must, therefore, be accepted as genuine. Of Balzac he said:

Balzac has essayed to recommend the romance to the middle classes by painting their manners. He has sometimes succeeded; but the tediousness of his descriptions, often puerile, his elaborated detail, his brusque and always improbable *dénouements*, make him an incomplete romancer. Grand sentiments call forth the language of simplicity. In the midst of observations useful and excellent, Balzac has made some which were not worth the writing, and which are unworthy of a great writer.

Dumas he laughingly called his son.

I call him my son, because he has done me the honour to call me his father; still I should like to know what constitutes the bonds of parentage. My son Dumas, who is certainly one of the most fecund and amusing novelists of the day, would as certainly

have found a style if he had not wasted admirable qualities. No one of the present day knows the stage better; he has warmth, a certain generosity of sentiment which takes the public, and measure when he pleases. My son Dumas has been prodigal of his talent, as certain ladies are of their beauty. . . . Although they make much fuss about my little son, his father will always be his father. I do not find in this young man the qualities and defects which make great dramatists. I see that many things are managed in the *Demi-monde*, so as not to rub against public taste; but it seems to me that he takes part with what is *agreed to*. I love generosity in young men; there are plenty enough of virtuous people to defend morals.

To understand the latter sentence, one should see the smile with which the poet generally finished an observation. Of the late lamented Musset, one whose genius has yet to be thoroughly appreciated, he said: "He has given us all he could give us; one cannot carry fancy far. Fancy has golden wings, no doubt, but has not an extensive flight. The breath of humanity neither raises nor suspends it." No one better than Béranger could render justice to Lamartine. "Lamartine! democracy owes him a great obligation; he is the first writer of the age who has written the history of the Revolution otherwise than with blood and mire. He is a fine soul, which unfortunately knows not how to descend, and which will raise up to itself still many ungrateful people." Some of Béranger's letters have a great charm, because they are written so naturally and modestly. To one of his admirers, who had compared him to Horace, he replies:—

Ah! sir, a grace for this poor Horace! To me, who never knew Latin, he is an unknown god; but he was as much so to the Greeks, whom I love without knowing them; whom I cannot figure to myself without their having a merit far beyond that of all those who would compare themselves to them. He made himself a flatterer when the whole world bowed the head; it is when the whole world rises up that I have the courage of the whole world. I do not thank you the less, sir, for the amiable way you have taken in comparing me to the protégé of Mæcenas. But beware of ever publishing the parallel! They would soon make you relinquish your predilection for the French songster in favour of the flatterer of Augustus.

The last days of Béranger are affectingly placed before us in the pages of his biographer. The latter end of the good man was peace.

"*Monsieur le curé*, I am happy to see you. Come and see me often; you always do me a pleasure. We met together on the path of charity. Upon this path may we always find ourselves." He paused a moment, for at last he had some difficulty in gathering his ideas. "At least permit me to bless you," said the curé of St. Elizabeth. "Yes! certainly!" said the dying man. M. Jousselin extended his hands over the head of the poor old *chansonnier*, and blessed him, and Béranger replied: "Ah, well! and I bless you likewise. Pray for me, as I am about to pray for you. . . . I belong to God and the wretched. Besides," added he, "we have only taken a different road to arrive at the same end, that is all;" and continued: "It is a great blessing to have been able to do a little good in a small corner." . . . Béranger could not rest upon his bed, and was placed in an arm-chair. His limbs were considerably swollen; nevertheless he smiled, and spoke kindly to all around him. The second night I watched. When the day broke he opened his eyes, and meeting mine, he gave me his hand, and said: "Good morning, Lapointe" . . . and then, after a long pause: "We have known one another for a long time?" "Sixteen years," I replied. He pressed my hand anew, and as I turned to hide my emotion, "Bé! do not let us weep." The Sunday before he died, one of his old friends, M. Bretonneau, a celebrated physician of Tours, came to see him. The two old men embraced each other, bursting into tears. . . . The crowd on the 15th and 16th is more and more. It speaks, it is unquiet; countenances are sad. A woman cried: "We have lost a father!" People who have come from seeing the sick man are stopped on the way, surrounded by a crowd, questioned with avidity; the journals which give the bulletin of his health are waited for impatiently. There is universal grief. On the 16th, at thirty-five minutes past four, he expires in his armchair, in the arms of Madame Vernet, whom he calls, and in the arms of other friends. An hour before his death he said: "I suffer much, my friends, but there are those who suffer more." His last thoughts were with the wretched.

A new edition has appeared of the *Mémoires de Madame de la Guette*. We think that we have mentioned her name before. She was one of the strong-minded women of the last century, who could swim, fire a pistol, ride on horseback, and horsemanship a puppy. She was a woman without fear or dread. Her husband, during the wars of the Fronde, was often called to the battle-field.

She was left in sole possession of a chateau, and often had to defend it. She writes:

Most of my occupation when I was alone was to settle disputes among my neighbours. The lawyers owed me a grudge, as I turned away much grist from their mill. The country folks said: "We have only to employ our pleader, Madame de la Guette, to have our whole affair settled." I confess that I had always a love of peace; and I have not only been the means of reconciling the peasantry, but also gentlemen who have been ready to cut one another's throats. They have always given credence to what I have told them, and I am not ignorant of the points of honour.

Her valour gave her right to speak in this fashion. One instance, that of July 1652, the affair before the gates of St. Antoine:

I learned that the soldiers were foraging in my cornfields. I had at this time two farms very well cultivated, a league distant the one from the other; and I can tell you that I was a farmer with all my heart, because I held my lands with my hands. I mounted on horseback, came in hand, to discover the foragers, and in the finest mind in the world to give them a drubbing, if I met in with any resistance; but, as soon as they saw me, and were informed who I was, they came towards me, saying: "Madame, we have not entered upon your lands to forage, but are going instantly to your neighbour's."

Madame de la Guette went to her lodge; then, hearing a knocking at the gate, she opened it wide to the soldiers, whom she knew to belong to the army of Lorraine. "Gentlemen, what do you want?" They began, she says, to swear, and to take the name of God in vain horribly; but, without being taken aback, she said to them again: "Once more, what do you want?" "We want to enter." "Ah! you want to enter. Death of my life! I shall prevent you, though. You are bold fellows to knock at my door. Get away, and make no noise. When they saw my determination, they asked me who I was. I replied, in a passion: "Go into the village, and you will be informed who I am." And all this soldiery, overawed and brow-beaten, came shortly to tender their protection to Madame against the scouring parties of the King. This courageous woman, a Mazarine, while her husband was a Frondeur, did not content herself with defending the village and the domains from the pillage of the two armies; she preserved to Louis XIV. his last troops, in causing by a skilful artifice the Duke de Lorraine to fall upon Turenne, posted on the heights of Villeneuve-Saint-Georges.

The *Mémoires et Correspondances de la Marquise de Courcelles* are thoroughly French. She commences by stripping herself from head to foot, to have her portrait taken. Brought up in a convent, she issues from it to marry an ill-grained lord, who is ready to barter his wife against a title which he covets. The Marquis is a brute, and expresses himself brutally to his wife, hoping that she may become wiser than her mother. We must return to this work again, if not to amuse, in the hope, at least, of edifying the reader.

FRANCE.

Etude sur l'Art de Parler en Public. Par M. L'Abbé BAUTAIN. Paris.

NUMEROUS treatises have been written on the oratorical art in general: this book is professedly limited to oratorical improvisation. The author has been for the last twenty or thirty years rather a conspicuous person in France; and he is especially entitled to write on public speaking, since he has been eminently successful as a public speaker. It is his only real glory; for, though he has had the ambition to be a kind of Lamennais, he has none of that great man's genius or originality; and we may add that he has none of his earnestness. It would be wrong to call him a charlatan; yet he is emphatically a dilettante—a dilettante in religion, a dilettante in philosophy. But it will be as well to tell our readers, before going further, who M. l'Abbé Bautain is.

Louis Bautain was born at Paris on the 17th February 1791. At college metaphysical questions had more attraction for him than scientific. The prevailing sensualism of French philosophy he early renounced and opposed. At first he seemed inclined to adopt those Scotch systems which cannot properly be designated as either sensualism or spiritualism. An acquaintance with German drew him toward Kant, and then toward Fichte. One fruit of his German studies was a translation of Krummacker's beautiful

parables, which has gone through several editions. In order effectually to assail materialism, he studied medicine—taking, to give more authority to his utterances, a medical degree. On leaving college he was appointed professor of philosophy at Strasburgh. A tinge of mysticism, a remarkable fluency, a spiritual elevation in harmony with the yearnings of reawakened French thought, obtained for him what he much valued—popularity. For a season he appeared to aim at being simply the teacher of a wider and wiser philosophy, resisting meanwhile the despotic encroachments of the priest party. But the reading of the Scriptures accomplished a marvellous transformation in him, and he was loud in his expressions of astonishment at finding in them what he had fruitlessly sought for in the words of earth's most famous sages. Two results were, his consecration to the priestly office, and his publication of a work in which the morality enforced by the Gospel was compared with the morality expounded by philosophers. His influence at Strasburgh on many young minds alarmed the bigots in the Church of which he had constituted himself the champion. He was accused of pantheism. The Bishop of Strasburgh, M. de Trevern, laid before him a series of propositions to be signed, in which the objectionable doctrines were retracted. M. Bautain and his disciples consented only to a conditional retraction, which implied nothing. His offence, in the eyes of the Obstructives, was really not pantheism, but his free and warm denunciations of what was antiquated and idiotic in the French seminaries. The agitation of the whole affair caused much excitement in France twenty years ago. The University of Tübingen, to show its sympathy with M. Bautain, conferred on him the degree of Doctor of Theology. On quitting Strasburgh, M. Bautain undertook the direction of the College of Juilly, ten leagues from the capital. Archbishop Sibour also named him Vicar-General in the diocese of Paris. Shortly after the last French Revolution M. Bautain delivered discourses on religion and liberty, which were published. Of his numerous other volumes, one is devoted to the refutation of the "Words of a Believer," by Lamennais. On the whole, the Abbé Bautain is more a rhetorician than anything else. He is a Savonarola of the saloons. In philosophy he is an eclectic, neither very dexterous nor very daring; in theology he has neither grasp as a thinker nor thoroughness as a reformer. It is not with such poor instruments that God emancipates and grandly transfigures the world. Mr. Spurgeon is about as fit to take the place of Luther, as the Lacordaires and the Bautains to represent the saints and heroes who, over and over again, regenerated the Roman Catholic Church as long as it was capable of regeneration. No, we repeat; it is all pure dilettanteism. Ye are dealers in pretty phrases, gentlemen; ye are not prophets. Have ye ever converted a single soul? Have ye ever planted deep in the heart a single divine principle? Whom have ye saved from sin? Whom have ye cured of frivolity? Show us not an entire community, but even one member thereof, truly penitent through your zeal. Alas! ye have sought applause; the Parisians have given it you in abundance, and have then gone home delighted and unchanged—the children of a Sodom and a Gomorrah, which the mercy of Heaven spares.

Precisely, however, because M. Bautain is a rhetorician, and that only, are we bound to hear him on the subject of rhetoric. His book is spoiled by generalities, and by those unmeaning glibnesses to which the French language so readily lends itself. But it contains many practical suggestions. Henry Ware wrote a useful little work—"Hints on Extemporaneous Preaching." It is in every respect preferable to the treatise of M. Bautain. The Essay on the Composition of a Sermon, by Claude, with the notes by Robert Robinson, contains the best and fruitfulest that can be said on public speaking, whether improvisational or not. A new and improved edition of the essay, retaining all Robinson's notes, we fervently recommend to some enterprising publisher, or some gifted, generous, devoted student. M. Bautain quotes Quintilian's celebrated saying, that poets are born and orators made. But the great orator is just as much a product of nature as the great poet; and still rarer than great poets are great orators. Greece, the land of eloquence, offers us a solitary Demosthenes; Rome, the land of eloquence, a solitary Cicero. Perhaps, however, below those supreme heights where the gods of poetry and of eloquence dwell, it is easier

to acquire the art of eloquence than the art of poetry. Jeremy Taylor is one of our foremost poets; but, though he wrote verses, he would never have excelled in the art as an art. He was surely far more a poet than Pope, who carried the art as an art to its utmost perfection. And Richter was perhaps a better poet by nature than Schiller; yet the poet's music and the poet's skill were not his. Both Walter Scott and John Wilson manifested their poetical wealth and grandeur most when bursting away from the poet's toils and trammels. In his rugged prose Carlyle is an incomparably diviner poet than Tennyson in mellifluous rhymes that remind us more of syrup than of wine. Who is the most gifted poet that France for fifty years has had? Not Béranger, or Lamartine, or Hugo, but Michelet, with his gorgeous pictorialisms and dithyrambic fire. Indeed, lest their majestic voice should be confounded with the inane and insane jingle of ten thousand poetasters, may not Earth's most gifted poets in the coming ages be driven absolutely to abstain from those artistic appliances in the use of which Virgil, perhaps, excelled all others? Certain it is, as the Bible in some of its noblest passages shows, that the artistic appliances may often be neglected with signal advantage. The artistic appliances in poetry, however, are really very little artistic. Reading Virgil, for instance, you are inclined to think that the flow and magnificence of those enchanting hexameters must have been purchased by long study and the most various and persevering culture. We doubt it; we believe that Virgil wrote as admirable hexameters at eighteen or twenty, as at forty or fifty. He may have been, as Niebuhr said he was, the most learned poet that ever existed; but it was Nature, not industry or perseverance that made him a consummate artist. Countless poems are published every year in England, which, as far as art is concerned, could scarcely be improved. In substance, however, they are meagre and commonplace. Nature has bestowed on the authors the faculty of poetical expression, without the faculty of poetical conception; while many a one rich in poetical conception would vainly strive to gain that ease, that grace of poetical expression, which the duldest of those authors manifests. In short, poetical conception and poetical expression are almost wholly independent of each other; and little, in either case, can diligence and determination do to supply the want of nature. How much, however, can they not do in the realm of eloquence? The examples of many famous orators who had merely physical impediments to overcome would scarcely be apposite here. The victory over such impediments would not be eloquence, since eloquence is a positive power to be created. But—limiting ourselves to rhetoricians, declaimers, debaters, and reserving the name of orators for veritable demigods—may we not fairly say that to diligence and determination all the triumph is due where triumph there is? M. Bautain and others may multiply rules, and the rules as subsidiary may be useful; but the great secret of superiority in extemporaneous speech is in courage and practice. Peel began as a debater of the fourth order; he ended by placing himself as a debater in the foremost rank. With immense confidence in himself, Peel talked on till he talked well. A wooden voice, a monotonous delivery, a cold and unimpassioned manner, insignificance of face and figure, plainly tell us that the Fates never intended Lord John Russell for an orator; yet, through boundless self-idolatry, and pertinacious, plenteous haranguing, he is a most accomplished debater; and debate is the only thing in which he does not fall far below mediocrity. The unrivalled simplicity of the English language offers unrivalled facilities for extemporaneous battles and conquests. The weapon needs no polishing and tempering; it is already polished and tempered; and it is not the delicate but the rough hand that can wield it best. The most potent extemporaneous speaking is that which is born of some popular agitation. In the early Chartist times, before Chartism had degenerated into a vulgarity and a violence, there was scarcely a village in the North which did not send forth a master of valiant improvisation. We have never heard a grand breath of eloquence in Parliament; but we have often heard it in Lancashire from the lips of working men, when the faith was strong upon them that through some magic rattle of the ballot-box England was to be redeemed. We question whether the French, for whose benefit M. Bautain's book is written, can

extemporise a discourse in our English sense. M. Bautain understands by improvisation little more than the garb of thought; the thought must, not only in its might but in its completest method, be already there. In effect, the French language cannot be well written or well spoken without rhetorical embellishment; and rhetorical embellishment demands rhetorical preparation; so that than French improvisation nothing can be less improvisational. Apostrophes, interjections, invocations, play a chief part in it; which are, it must be confessed, rather a cheap machinery. Stripped to the bare and honest fact, M. Bautain's scheme, as regards eloquence, would be merely a slight improvement of the old scholastic culture. He even believes that there is some marvellous virtue in the syllogism, if the syllogism could only be rightly managed. Of renewal through life he has not the faintest notion. There was a cry once in France, in reference to literary regeneration, about deliverance from the Greeks and the Romans: some earnest Frenchman should raise the cry about the deliverance of the French from the French, of the French writers and speakers of to-day from the French writers and speakers of what are called France's classic days. Away from the shadow of bombastic predecessors, some children of the Gallic race might really learn to write, to speak, not like rhetoricians but like men. The Bautains and all that tribe entirely mistake the object for which the human creature has received a tongue. The human creature has received a tongue that he may pour forth epigrammatic phrases, or indulge in dull, maudlin pathos that stirs no genuine human emotion! Speech is a mode of action, not a substitute for action. If we find in the Bible the sublimest eloquence, no less than the sublimest poetry, is it not because the prophets were heroes, the last, the indomitable heroes of a corrupt and ruined country? What consecrates, what gives an immortal stamp to the eloquence of Cicero and Demosthenes? Is it not that stronger than the vanity and ambition of both was the patriotic inspiration which they obeyed in life and in death? A celebrated English author talks incessantly about the necessity of putting an end to talking. People wonder that he does not try silence for a season himself, since he considers it so indispensable. But there is no harm, as he supposes, in the inordinate talking, as talking; the harm is, that the talking is not, as it ought to be, a mode of action. When, however, speaking is hollow, is not existence, as a whole, hypocritical? Do not denounce speech as a charlatanism when all other modes of action are charlatanisms. So far from urging the heroes, the patriots, the self-denying and noble souls of our day, to be silent, we would have them perfect themselves in the same arts in which the Sons of Belial excel. When Elijah alone remained a prophet of the Lord, while Baal's prophets were four hundred and fifty men, was it not by the majesty of his utterances, still more than by the effulgence of miraculous interposition, that he confounded them? There is grievous cowardice at the root of the refusal to go forth and bear testimony by word as well as by deed to the truth on the part of those who vaunt themselves the champions of the truth. In this generation the fastidiousness of the high-minded is the encouragement of the unprincipled, and is more fatal to human salvation than the blackest treachery and the basest desertion in former generations have been. From a childish timidity and a diseased shame those high-minded but not tough-minded ones neglect what M. Bautain calls the art of speaking in public, and would almost persuade themselves that they are thereby doing something meritorious. There is no sin without its sophistry. Retiring from the contest with persons who are rougher and readier than we, and who thus gain the popular ear, how fondly we deem, how fervently we designate, this poltroonery faithfulness to an exalted ideal. We despise our foes: nevertheless they defeat us. We resemble those two kings of the Amorites who were driven out by horns, and not by the sword and the bow of the Israelites. We are willing to make every sacrifice but exactly the sacrifice we are required to make—that of a morbid clinging to a literary leisure which severs us from the sympathy of the multitude perishing for lack of things divine. There would be such eloquence, so majestic, so irresistible as the world never yet has witnessed, if all in England who have outgrown sects and parties, and who join

to earnestness a catholic and loving spirit, were to ascend the tribunes now usurped by vilest, vulgarst mountebanks. The intellectual would be equal to the moral victory. How noble, how worthy of our imitation, that though Albertus Magnus and Thomas Aquinas were peculiarly, intensely, scholars and philosophers, they never hesitated for a moment to abandon their beloved books, their beloved studies, to encounter the pains and perils of the Apostle's path, when duty commanded. They could quit without a murmur, and almost without a regret, converse with the sciences they were enriching and creating, and which were to them a glory and a gladness—companionship with earth's most illustrious sages from oldest oriental times—and face undaunted martyrdom among the heretic and the heathen, though by the shield of heaven martyrdom might not be their lot. We need the contagious force of such high and holy examples. M. Bautain says that Rousseau could never speak in public, and that Lamennais had never the courage to mount a pulpit, and was unable even to address a few familiar words of instruction to an assembly of children. Here it is concluded that neither had naturally the faculties required for public speaking. This we dispute. How common is the notion that Rousseau could not talk, just as it is a common notion that Bruce the traveller was a braggart and a liar, though honest and intelligent writers, French, German, and English, are unanimous in admitting that Bruce's veracity was in thorough consonance with the general chivalry of his character—M. Léon de Laborde even going the length of denouncing his adversaries as impostors, and their calumny as the only thing false and invented in connection with him whom he calls a new Herodotus. The ancient bigotries which flippancy, dulness, ignorance, and malignity revive, and the ancient slanders which they propagate, may all be refuted as concerns Rousseau, by a reference to what those have written who knew him intimately, and who were faithful reporters. We take Bernardin de Saint Pierre as the most trustworthy. Vindicating Rousseau from a host of detractors and detractions, he shows that the author of so many eloquent works, so far from being sterile and stupid in conversation, was, when with those whom he loved the very reverse, though he shrank from that conversational gladiatorship which is so tiresome and tasteless, notwithstanding that so many people profess to admire it. As regards conversation, Lamennais seems exactly to have resembled Rousseau. We judge then that both would have excelled in public speaking if they had expressed themselves as naturally when in the presence of an eager crowd as when with their intimate friends. Neither of them, however, would have succeeded in expository, in didactic discourse. The genius of both was aggressive. They were reformers, not creators, and the reformer is always feeble except in attack. Overcoming their extreme modesty, their artistic associations, their habits of seclusion, if they had given breath before a vast gathering of enthusiastic men to their hot instincts of antagonism, they would have been still more godlike orators than ever they were with the pen. They were, however, such triumphant orators with the pen, that they might well hold themselves excused from directer contact with the people. But the class in our day, of whom they are in a large measure the types, can seldom point to the same literary achievements. They are content to be silent, alike with pen and with tongue. It is not politicians we ask them to be, for it is not in politics that they could ever accomplish anything vigorous or enduring. Politics in England is England's least noble form of life, since the English never attempt reforms except under the pressure of an irresistible necessity. They are, in their public affairs, not utilitarians alone—they are fatalists. Sight, insight, foresight, comprehensiveness, thoroughness, promptitude, are all wanting. Other scenes than political scenes, other work than political work, do we offer to the men, not whose apathy, but whose overstrained delicacy, we are rebuking. They should be the guides of the people to piety in the various senses which the Romans associated with the word, and in all of which it was distinguished alike from religion and from morality. Few suspect how immense and how fruitful is the territory which priests and moralists are equally incompetent to cultivate. What is simpler than ceremonial, less stringent than duty, less earnest than prophecy, we designate best as piety. It is the instinct and the habit of universal reverence;

it is a sacred tenderness, so that often small would be the distinction between piety and pity. Abounding among the ancients, it is scarcely to be found among the moderns; and hence sins and sorrows which the ancients never knew, a half abject, half mutinous spirit, from which they are wholly free. To transfuse and clothe the moderns with the piety that sanctified to the ancients so many things which to us are common and unclean, would be to promote not alone spiritual growth and purity, but that harmony of culture which we seek in vain through a boundless illuminism. Here then is celestial labour for you, ye thousands of refined, benevolent, and gifted Englishmen, who lament the torpor of the Church and loathe the coarseness of the Conventicle; and who see, as none in England but yourselves see, the need of sublimer teaching for the nation than is found at present either in religious bodies or out of them. Learn to trust yourselves, learn to practise a more puissant and miraculous improvisation than M. Bautain can instruct you in. But do not despise M. Bautain's instructions, though your main strength and your main light must be in yourselves.

There is a class of illustrations of which many French writers are extremely fond, and which may be called obstretical illustrations. These are M. Bautain's favourite illustrations all through his book. They are to us, and they are no doubt to most English readers, intolerably offensive. Surely it is possible to picture the product and the process of thought without entering into details which would be fitter for a treatise on midwifery than a treatise on eloquence. We could easily have understood what M. Bautain meant by the ripening of an idea in the mind, even if he had not spoken to us about the spiritual foetus. What Nature covers with a veil which even tribes the most uncivilised revere, he drags forth into the fullest, fiercest, rhetorical glare. We protest against this outrage on taste and decency. M. Bautain seems to think that you cannot better express an orator's triumph than by saying that he has just been brought to bed of a fine speech or sermon. Where the obstretical illustrations are not obscene, they are very often ridiculous; and visions of caudle and monthly nurses come over us which are not favourable to our notion of the Orator's dignity. Must there not be a kind of filthiness in the soul to which such ideas are always presenting themselves? Perhaps M. Bautain, as doctor of medicine as well as doctor of theology, wished to make his book useful to two professions at once.

ATTICES.

FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.

Paris, Oct. 12.

It is not often that we meet with a foreigner, and especially a Frenchman, sufficiently divested of prejudice to do justice to our good points; still less frequent to find one who admires and praises everything English, even what many among ourselves are the first to condemn. This *rara avis*, however, exists; he has, as the French say, "revealed himself" in an octavo volume—*Les Anglais et l'Inde*. His name is "E. de Valbeyen;" he was for some time employed as French Consul at Calcutta, and is still, if we mistake not, connected with the Foreign Office, or "Ministère des Affaires Etrangères." It is doubtless his official position which has developed in M. de Valbeyen the faculty, which seems inherent in all official people, of making things pleasant to the extent which he possesses it. Where a Napier or a Jacquemont would have observed deeply, and pointed out the vices of the system, the utter rottenness of which has just received so bloody a demonstration, M. de Valbeyen skims pleasantly along the surface, sees everything *couleur de rose*, and pronounces the Government of India perfect—Board of Control, Court of Directors, and all. Notwithstanding this amiable weakness, M. de Valbeyen's book is extremely interesting, and it makes us regret the more that one who possessed all his qualifications for the task should not have taken his work more *au sérieux*. He is one of those lively and entertaining writers who possess the happy knack of blending instruction with amusement; and, with all its shortcomings, his book gives one an insight into the state of manners and society in India, which, pleasantly as he describes it, leads one to form an opinion of what he saw diametrically opposed to his own.

M. de Valbeyen begins at the beginning. His first chapter, which is devoted to "The Civil Functionaries of the Honourable East India Com-

pany," enters very fully into the subject; and the latest improvement, which consists, as all your readers know, in throwing open the writerships to competition, is duly recorded. He also gives a pleasant racy account of the origin and gradual rise of the power of England in the far East; and the modest footing of the establishment as it then stood is simply and vividly contrasted with the magnitude of the establishment at the present time. It is curious, for instance, to find the Secretary of the Secret Political Board at Calcutta in 1760 receiving a salary of only eight rupees (16s.) per month, and writing home to his friends that, being unable to afford candles, he went to bed at eight o'clock. With such ill-paid functionaries, it is not surprising that the Company's interests should have been neglected, through their trading on their own account, or betrayed, by their yielding to the temptation of a bribe from a native prince. Mr. Shore, since Lord Teignmouth, relates in his correspondence that, while on a mission at Lucknow, the Nawab of Oude offered him five lacs of rupees and 8000 gold mohurs (62,800l.) for his consent to certain stipulations. To the Nawab's intense surprise, he refused this magnificent offer. The Duke of Wellington, then Sir Arthur Wellesley, was also exposed to a similar attempt while negotiating a treaty of peace between the Mahratta princes and the Nizam of Hyderabad. The Vakeel of the latter called one morning on the young English chief, and offered him ten lacs (100,000l.) to let him see his instructions, promising at the same time to keep their contents as a profound secret. "Are you then really capable of keeping a secret?" said Wellesley. The other swore and protested that he was. "Well then," replied Wellesley, "so am I." But all men are not Shores and Wellesleys; and Lord Cornwallis acted very wisely in removing the civil servants from within the reach of temptation, by increasing their salaries in proportion to their labours and their responsibilities.

The author gives highly interesting details of the difficulties which hamper the administration of justice. False witnesses are invariably used by both parties (it is unnecessary to say that this applies to natives alone). There is an abundant supply of poor devils in the neighbourhood of every court ready to swear that black is white at the rate of *one ana* per cent.—not quite twopence. According to M. de Valbeyen, all that has been said of the native police falls short of the truth. On an average, offences against the person or against property amount to sixty thousand per annum; but such is the terror inspired by the police, that a large proportion of crime is never made known. The natives often prefer, and justly so, to be robbed and ill-treated in silence, to avoid the danger of coming into contact with the police, even as complainants. The Presidency of Bengal is divided into 469 thanahs or police districts, each under the direction of a functionary called *darogah*. Each thanah comprises an extent of territory varying from 100 to 800 square miles, and a population of on an average 80,000 souls. The *darogah* has under his orders two subalterns, and about fifteen policemen or *burkundayes*. The *darogahs* are divided into three classes, and receive a salary of 50, 75, and 100 rupees a month, according to their position. The two subalterns are paid *seven rupees*, and the *burkundayes* four rupees only. The manner in which these *darogahs* fulfil their duties may be judged of by the following anecdote.

A *darogah* had informed a magistrate that a crime had been committed in his district, adding that the most active investigation had failed in obtaining traces of the culprits. The magistrate, who suspected the *darogah's* honesty, simply told him that, if they were not discovered within ten days, he should be suspended. This threat having led to no result, it was carried out, and the *darogah* was replaced temporarily by one of his subalterns, to whom the magistrate, in order to stimulate his zeal, promised the confirmation of his acting appointment. The new functionary was not more fortunate than his predecessor; but, sooner than give up the place he had been promised, actually offered a reward of 100 rupees to whoever would plead guilty to the crime in question. Two natives immediately expressed their readiness. The *darogah* lost no time in making up a story in conformity with the depositions; and the pseudo-culprits having confessed their crime with "fullest particulars," the knave received due confirmation of his appointment. The two rascals were duly condemned to death, but the love of life led them to reveal the fraud which had been practised upon the *Sudder u Dowlat*. But their denials and protestations were simply ascribed to dread of the gallows, on which they

would have suffered, but for their counsel having luckily found out and proved that at the time the murder was committed they were safely lodged in the district gaol.

M. de Valbeyen does not say what became of the ingenious gentleman to whom this fraud was due. One can't help wondering whether he was kept in his place.

Enough, however, of India for the present. I shall take an early opportunity of letting your readers know what M. de Valbeyen thinks of the Indian army.

Minora canamus.—M. Jacquot, who, under the more aristocratic cognomen of M. Eugène de Mirecourt (the *de* always implying nobility in French nomenclature) is now locked up within the walls of Clichy—a non-political prison so called—for some of the many libels for which he has been condemned by the Correctional Police, published in his work called *Les Contemporains*. It is a little half-franc publication, each number containing a portrait more or less like—but generally the latter—with a biographical sketch, of some notable personage of the day. The sketch is of course coloured up to suit the taste of the public, with a smattering of truth and all the lying scandals which the gossip of Paris furnishes most abundantly; and the speculation answers so well that thousands upon thousands of them are eagerly bought up, and M. Jacquot seems quite content to pay the penalty imposed by the law while he can pocket the profits of his dirty trade—as it is stated he continues to amuse himself in prison by continuing his libellous attacks. His present confinement is for slandering the character of M. Mirès, the well-known capitalist, but will be followed up by a host of others. The punishment of M. Jacquot excites no sympathy whatever, even in this instance, though M. Mirès is by no means a popular man. The objects of Jacquot's libels comprise all ranks; but his fellow-labourers in the field of literature, and actors and actresses, seem specially selected for his attacks. He has already, it is said, realised a very considerable fortune by his publication.

The Italian Opera has opened for the season with Mario, Graziani, Belart, and Angelini, the last a fine basso who has not yet been heard in London. Mario is thus far out of voice, and will have to be replaced should he continue to sing as he does at present. Our chief ladies are, Mme. Steffenoni, an excellent soprano, handsome, but too fat, which spoils the effect of her beauty. The elephantine appearance of Albani on the stage has positively terrified the Parisian public so much, that they look on any approach to obesity with horror. Then we have a Mme. St. Urbain, young, tall, and almost beautiful to look at; while her voice, when improved by study and experience, promises a first-rate *artiste*: so that eye and ear are both satisfied. We have also the pretty Madame Nantier-Didiée, who pleases all the world by her "wreathed smiles" and graceful animation. As a mezzo-soprano she is not of course to be compared for a moment with Albani; but here people vastly prefer her. After all, *voice* is not everything, and, in Paris at least, the public are content to sacrifice something of mere beauty of organ for the sake of a little heart, soul, and intelligence. Hence the preference given to Mme. Didiée over her colossal competitor. Mme. Grisi is promised by the director before the close of the season, a promise for which the public show themselves very ungrateful—one of the papers remarking upon it, that, whatever folks may write or think in London on the subject of these venerable nightingales, *rossignols respectables*, in Paris the universal wish is that they would favour the public by making a final exit.

In the dramatic world we are stagnant; the most striking of our late novelties is a comedy at the Gymnase, the idea of which is better than the execution. It is called *Les Petites Luchetés*, and is intended to show the hundred meannesses and dirty little acts we are all guilty of, in order to stand well in the opinion of what is called "society." Well worked out, this would have been the comedy of the age; it turns out, however, but a sparkling *bagatelle*.

In music circles a lamentable event has just taken place. One of the best young composers of the day, who gave large promise of future excellence, is for the moment lost to the artistic world. M. Gounod, the composer of the "Nonne Sanglante," "Sappho," and the "Chœurs d'Ulysse," is at present at the Maison de Santé of Dr. Blanche. For some time the composer was ob-

served to be melancholy and depressed in spirits. Nothing very unusual, however, took place until last week, when one day, just after dinner, a dreadful paleness suddenly spread itself over his countenance, and he fell into a long fainting-fit. By care he was restored to consciousness, and removed to his bed, but immediately after he became frightfully delirious, uttering frantic cries, and, in a word, exhibiting all the symptoms of decided insanity. The best advice was called in; but after the crisis had lasted some days, it was thought advisable to place him under the care of a special medical man, whose attention has been devoted with much success to the study and cure of mental disease. The last report from Dr. Blanche was of a very favourable nature; and it is trusted that musical science will not have to lament a loss which, in the present dearth of talent in France, would be almost a public misfortune.

GERMANY.

Ueber Lebensmagnetismus und über die magischen Wirkungen überhaupt. ("On Animal Magnetism and Magical Operations in General") By C. G. CARUS. Leipzig: Brockhaus. 1857.

Not even our fair readers need very obstinately deny that they remember the time when the confession of belief in animal magnetism implied a certain amount of moral courage. Time has not (although we admit, in confidence, that a certain "Infallible Vegetable Extract" has) thinned the flowing hair of the writer; and yet he can distinctly call to mind the feelings of compassionate superiority with which he was wont to regard, some two or three lustres ago, a much better informed man than himself, who sat in humble faith at the feet of Gamaliel Eliotson, then giving his first mesmeric *séances* at the London University. But since then what gigantic strides has the propagation of magnetic belief made! And of what wondrous offspring has it not been the logical progenitor! The very names of table-turning and spirit-rapping are suggesters of marvel, if not of the marvellous. Railroads, steam-presses, cheap literature, electric telegraphs, decking with wings the erst leaden-footed genius of civilisation, lending to science a speed which science itself can barely calculate, making tyranny and ignorance tremble in bewildered panic-stricken fury, and old bear-eyed prejudice wink and cower beneath the increasing light—and, by the side of all this, table-turning and spirit-rapping! What a ludicrous—what a mirth-moving.—No, no! What a sad, what a painful, what a humiliating anthesis! Are, then, human knowledge and human intellect, with all their haughty pretensions to omniscience, so utterly weak, so miserably, pulingly impotent? Is but one step needed, even in the calm elevated regions of science, to precipitate us from the heights of the empyreal sublime down to the depths of the Yankee ridiculous? Can the same intellect which mates with the ideal—copes single-handed with the abstract—conquers free admittance into the very penetralia of Nature—can such an intellect as this stoop to be the slave of some vulgar missionary from the 60,000 Transatlantic mediums,* possessed, we strongly suspect, by no other spirit than the protean spirit of Barnum? If so, what is that guidance worth which man's wisdom and man's science can offer us?—a grave question, to which we leave the reader to supply a still graver answer.

But let us turn from generalities to the particular work before us. And, by way of preliminary, let us hasten to state that we place spirit-rapping and animal magnetism in perfectly distinct categories. The former—haunting back-parlours, surrounding itself with clap-trap and often semi-blasphemous formularies, working under board instead of above, refusing to exhibit save before a packed jury of believers, boasting familiarity with spirits of every age, size, and colour, with the sole sneaking exception of the spirit of inquiry—seems, at first sight, to demand the intervention rather of the policeman than of the savant. The latter, on the contrary, placing itself on view in our theatres and lecture-rooms, fearing neither daylight nor gaslight, manifesting itself in certain constant and constantly-reproduced phenomena, courting every test of eye and of hand, is, if for these honest reasons alone, a fitting subject for the serious investigation of scientific men. And that scientific men do so

consider it, we have abundant proof in the long list of respectable names offered us by the mesmeric literature of England, France, and Germany—of this last, as is naturally to be inferred, most especially. The founder of the science, in fact (Mesmer), was himself a German; and one of the best literary historians of that country does not hesitate to regard the prominence recent times have given to animal magnetism, as specially due to the influences of the Romantic school.* Among the disciples of this school its most devoted cultivators may be numbered. It hurried into fanaticism the amiable and enthusiastic Eschenmayer; won to its mystic cult the willing and congenial spirit of Justus Kerner; suggested the cabalistic researches of Ennemoser; and employed the scientific pen of Kieser and Passavant, of Wirth, and of F. Fischer. The work before us is the most recent addition to this branch of literature. Dr. C. G. Carus, its author, is a man of grave years, who possesses the privilege of looking back upon the friendship and praise of Göthe, and whose literary activity extends over the patriarchal space of nearly half a century. Physiology and psychology are the subjects to which this activity has been mainly directed, with a special reference to the mutual relations, the reciprocal action, passing between the two. Studies of such a nature must be acknowledged the best preparatives for a profound investigation of phenomena which seem essentially to belong to that mysterious debateable ground on which matter and spirit meet and mingle. But, in addition to this, Dr. Carus speaks with particular authority on the subject-matter of the work before us, inasmuch as he has himself frequently experimented in animal magnetism during the course of a long medical practice, the importance of which his standing as Private Physician to the King of Saxony sufficiently guarantees.

One of the most interesting points in his book, to our eyes, is the near coincidence of its author's theory with that developed in a remarkable article, "On Electro-biology and Mesmerism," which appeared in the *Quarterly Review* of April 1853. This coincidence brings out into striking relief the distinctive characteristics of the German and of the English mind. The reviewer and Dr. Carus handle the same subject, place it in the same light, and arrive at pretty nearly the same conclusions with regard to its nature and origin. Both acknowledge the phenomena of animal magnetism as facts dependent on certain mental and bodily conditions which may be artificially superinduced. Both adopt, with more or less reserve, the Faraday theory of table-turning; and both reject, with more or less reluctance, the spirit-rapping importations from the other side of the Atlantic. But, in the chain of reasoning which leads them to these similar conclusions, what a sharply-marked dissimilarity! What careful, lucid, satisfactory (as far as it goes), but *tant soit peu* superficial, accuracy in the one; what aspiring, suggestive, indistinct profundity in the other! The whole theory of the mesmeric phenomena is reduced by the English reviewer to a couple of simple psychological laws, which fall within the limits of common sense and of every-day observation. The association of ideas (or, as he terms it, the law of suggestion), and the well-known fact that dominant impressions often extend their empire through the realms of sleep, comprise the whole of the Englishman's strictly empirical theory, which is applied with admirable acuteness to the explication of all the singular phenomena touched upon by him. Let us turn now to the German view of the subject, the characteristically predominant spiritualism of which stands on the very threshold.

The life of the soul, Dr. Carus tells us, is double, a conscious and an unconscious:

The unconscious life within us is itself an eternal mystery. It coincides with what we call "nature"—that nature of which Göthe says, in one of his profoundest but least-known essays: "We live in her, and yet are strangers to her. She speaks with us unceasingly, and reveals not her secret. We act constantly upon her, and yet have no power over her." An immense obstacle to our insight into the mysteries of the life of creation and its wondrous processes, has long been raised by our tendency to detach all its unconscious efforts from the soul, to regard them as something belonging to the vital force alone—something in itself distinct from the soul (*nicht-seelisch*)—by our unwillingness, in short, to recognise this unconscious life as, like the conscious, a particular phase of the Psyche itself. . . . But

* The estimated number of mediums in the United States. Vide "Revue des deux Mondes," May 1854.

* Hillebrand, "Geschichte der Deutschen National-Literatur," vol. iii.

(continues our author further on), having once identified our unconscious life with nature, I must go a step further and qualify it, clearly and definitively, as a Divine principle (*ein Göttliches*) within us. For, examined under a strong illumination, can the word "nature" have any other sense than that of the primary Divine principle—the Divine in the phenomenon of Incorporation? The same which guides the heavenly bodies on their path, which acts as well in the crystallisation of the snow-flake as in the formation of the chicken in the egg, which develops and matures the plant—the one universal revelation of the ever-creating Divine Spirit which, in so far as (to speak with Aristotle) it manifests itself as the first reality of a natural organised human body, acts not less directly in determining the primary and still absolutely unconscious form of the soul, than in causing, when this newly-formed human being has entered, by its organisation, into relations with the external world, its development into a conscious spirit also.

Physiologically, Dr. Carus maintains that "the middle brain" is the special seat of unconscious soul-life:

It is highly remarkable (he observes) that it is precisely the organs of light, the optic nerves, which spring from this middle brain; so that light, that chief of natural influences, which has so many relations with nervous life, only reaches the brain by this path; as if it were meant that from here in especial the unconscious soul-life should gradually receive illumination, the darkness dissolve, the self-conscious spirit be at length unlocked. Unquestionably the relation, so profoundly significant, of light to the eye, and of the eye to that mass of the brain which specially represents the unconscious soul-life, cannot be placed before us without our immediately seizing more clearly the necessary connection of the eye with the state of sleeping and waking, and understanding completely why closing the eyes must be the first indication, and the natural condition, of sleep; while, on the contrary, opening them must be the natural sign and determining moment of waking.

Sleep, therefore, belongs to the *unconscious* soul-life; and not only sleep, but all kindred phenomena—*somnambulism*, with its occasional *ecstasies* concomitants, and more especially animal magnetism or mesmerism.

It is an important law that the more, in the soul, the individual self-conscious spirit puts itself forward in the clear strength of thought, the more removed is it from the influences of the unconscious principle, both within itself and in the world around; while, on the other hand, the less developed the self-consciousness is, the more accessible does the soul become to all the forces and influences which stream across it from without, and the more profoundly will it be modified by them. As a consequence of this law, the animal—and the more completely the lower it stands in the scale of creation—appears entirely absorbed in the circle of the life of nature: a magnetic attraction draws it away when the time of migrating comes; the carrier-pigeon is guided magnetically back to her brooding-place; many insects, with sure anticipation of the severity of the approaching winter, adapt the shelter for their young accordingly. Just so in man is sleep, with its dream-world, the time when the presentiment of the future and the hidden comes nearer to him than in his waking hours. For the same cause, too, do we find a certain reverence paid by antiquity, and even still in the East, to many forms of madness, from a popular belief that the Divine Omniscience is more apt to reveal itself occasionally through the soul of one whose mind is thus disturbed than through the clear human intellect of the sounder man.

Somnambulism, Dr. Carus tells us, has in itself nothing preternatural. It is not a rare phenomenon in the pre-pubescent epoch of life, even with healthy subjects, and is comparatively common at a maturer age, where certain morbid conditions exist. Our author describes a curious case, among his own patients, of a lady who, in consequence of a long-continued privation of natural rest, had acquired the faculty of sleeping in the day-time, without prejudice to her household duties, which went on meanwhile as punctually and accurately as ever. The sense of feeling, greatly intensified, relieved here the wearied optic nerve, while the only outward signs of sleep were the closed eye, the suspended craving for nourishment, and the entire oblivion, on being roused, of all that had passed during the somnambulant interval. That the extraordinary intensity and command of muscular power which is an occasional characteristic of somnambulism, can be regarded as proof of a higher development of intellect having place during that state, Dr. Carus positively denies.

Animals, in various cases, are capable of much more delicate and difficult muscular movements than man, and in many of their instincts seem considerably his superior; but genius sets the telescope against the far-seeing glance of the vulture, and the colossal

might of the steam-engine against the vulgar force of the brute. And, as she surpasses the animal in these things, so, in her lofty flight, does she soar above the intensified sensitiveness of the man of presentiment, and the exaltation as well as the visions of the somnambulist.

The somnambulist in fact, as Dr. Carus very sensibly points out, has never contributed in any way to the vast store of appliances for the advancement of civilisation which we owe to the discoveries and invention of genius—a plain truth, which we specially recommend to the meditations of our spirit-rapping friends.

All that is really new in mesmerism lies in its demonstration of the possibility to superinduce, artificially and at will, a psychological state before only known to us as a comparatively rare and generally morbid phenomenon. On the facility thus given us for studying experimentally one of the most curious and mysterious of metaphysical questions, animal magnetism may base a claim to our sincerest gratitude; and this facility is pretty nearly the measure of its value.

Dr. Carus, however, recognises in mesmerism a curative agency, which ought not to be overlooked, in all those forms of disease which depend upon, or are connected with, an enhanced sensibility; nervous disorders, that is, of every grade and variety, from hysteria up to paralysis. Disorders of this kind arise, he asserts, precisely from disturbances of the middle brain, with which mesmerism places us in direct communication. His theory of the general process of recovery from illness, indeed, attaches itself with rigorous logic to this physiological view.

It is not man (he observes) who cures diseases by means of his conscious spirit; but it is the divine Unconscious in man. The same power which fashions his organism, and daily recreates it in depths of mystery, is alone that which brings him back from sickness to health; and all that man's inventive mind has learnt in the healing art, for long centuries, limits itself to providing means to facilitate, to further, and in general perhaps to render possible, the task of this divine Unconscious. . . . We cannot, by any immediate exercise of skill, cure the most trivial cut of the finger; the healing of even such a wound as this depends on a formation of new organic substance, of which formation the divine Unconscious is alone capable; at most we can either hinder or further this process, and in the accomplishment of the latter aim lies the essence of the surgical art.

Dr. Carus is a decided advocate for the simultaneous employment of medicinal and mesmeric agents, in the respective operation of which he sees a frequent analogy. The action of medicines on the animal organisation may be either mechanical, chemical, or dynamical—by which last term must be understood the *modification of energy* which certain medicaments bring about in the corporeal functions. Thus the effect of many poisons, such as opium, prussic acid, the venom of the serpent, &c., must rank as *dynamical*. Mesmerism belongs, of course, to the same class, and in fact Dr. Carus goes so far as to employ, in one instance, *dynamical* and *magnetic* as synonyms.

Against the pretensions of certain mesmeric somnambulist to encroach on the province of the M.D., and write prescriptions under the direct inspiration of "the blameless physician" himself, our friend the Doctor expresses an eloquent and righteous indignation. He admits, however, the possibility of the somnambulist possessing a strong and distinct sentiment of what may be good for his or her particular case; but considers this nothing more than an "intensification" of that instinct in the choice of a fitting diet, &c., which is common to most invalids, and is now generally and sensibly recognised by medical men.

Dr. Carus extends his tolerant recognition to "magnetised water" and other material conductors and *reservoirs* of the mesmeriser's individual influence. The efficacy of such appliances explains itself by the existence of that atmosphere of atomic exhalations which surrounds all organised bodies, especially man as the most perfect, and upon which depend the phenomena of contagion, and the marvellous tracking capacities of some species of the dog. It is notorious that persons of morbidly enhanced sensitiveness have often an extremely acute perception of this atmosphere. The discomfort experienced by certain individuals in the vicinity of a cat; the relief found by others, during attacks of chronic rheumatism, by the presence in their room of a sea-hog (*Cavia porcellus*); the efficacy of the blood-bath, and the immunity from consumption enjoyed by butchers—are classed by our author as magnetic phenomena. He even recognises an

analogous virtue in plants. The delicious calm which pervades our being, when stretched beneath the shade-spreading arms of some vegetable colossus, is to be regarded as of mesmeric origin. Nay, more: "a sensitive person placed, for any length of time, in such a position that the soles of the feet remain in contact with a linden-tree of sixty or eighty years' growth, will not fail to recognise a determinate influence, extending itself to the nervous system, and manifesting itself in a sentiment of repose and of invigoration."

The *table-turning* mania was imported into Germany direct from New York, *via* Bremen, in 1853. Its first serious exponent was Dr. K. André, known as a writer on commercial and social questions, who published an account of his own experiences in an early number of the *Allgemeine Zeitung* of that year. Shortly afterwards the same journal published a report of similar experiments conducted by the juridical wisdom of Professor von Mohl, of Heidelberg; and in a few weeks the epidemic had become universal. This class of phenomena Dr. Carus explains eclectically. The movement of the table is due to a muscular effort which belongs to the manifestations of the unconscious soul-life. But the stimulant of this unconscious effort, as well as of the *uniformity* of its operation (which Faraday's theories leave, he asserts, unexplained), is mesmeric, and due to the reciprocal nervous action upon each other of the individuals forming "the chain."

Spirit-rapping admits (where imposture is out of the question) of being similarly accounted for. The fatigued table obeys the unconscious promptings of an idea which is present to the middle brain alone. But here, also, Dr. Carus is disposed to spiritualise, inasmuch as he directly implies the possibility of these tabular replies containing a finer element of truth than common experience could elaborate. "The truth of the Unconscious," he says, "demands, for its pure manifestation, great *naïveté*, and, generally, an entire absence of the Conscious, which latter condition is very seldom fulfilled."

In conclusion, we can recommend Dr. Carus's work to the student of German literature, as full of interesting views on a very interesting subject, and more particularly as a striking illustration of that distinctive spiritual tendency of his countrymen, which finds nutriment in those very studies which, elsewhere, are but too apt to exercise an influence diametrically opposite. This tendency, quiz it as we will, is Germany's brightest honour. For between spiritualism and religion there is a constant, an invincible affinity; and, however wild and eccentric the errors of the former may be, she still bears on her forehead the seal of a celestial origin, and fosters in her heart the unconscious "magnetic" yearning, which, sooner or later, draws her back to her home.

AMERICA.

Souvenirs of Travel. By Madame OCTAVIA WALTON LE VERT. 2 vols. New York: S. H. Goetz and Co.*

We can readily believe what is stated in the Publishers' Preface, that "the materials of these volumes were not originally designed for publication." "They consist chiefly," it is explained, "of private letters, journals, and sketches, of a distinguished American lady, during two visits to Europe. Her social position at home, and an extensive acquaintance with the highest circles abroad, gave her familiar access to scenes, and personages, and conditions of life, not ordinarily within the reach of the foreign traveller." This is quite true. She has evidently had familiar access to the very domestic privacy of persons in the highest circles abroad: few American ladies who visit Europe, one would think, enjoy anything like such advantages as she appears to have done. But that she was, on this account, to come home and publish all these private matters, and all the gossip connected therewith, were a question, we humbly conceive, that it would be very difficult indeed to answer justly in the affirmative. In "private letters" she might communicate such particulars without offence, only taking care that they were kept as "private letters." But afterwards to publish them, at whatever urgent solicitation, without removing from them many things which she has allowed to go forth to the world, can

* This review of an American book on England is from the editor of the New York Churchman.

never be in good taste—can never be treating those well into the bosom of whose families she was so unreservedly, so confidently, and so affectionately received. It is true that the authoress says nothing but what is good about them. But that is no sufficient excuse. When we receive private friends in our private residences, at our own firesides, and treat them, for the while, as members of our families, we do not expect—we have no right to expect, that all that transpires is hereafter to be paraded to the vulgar gaze of the world, under any circumstances whatever. It would have been some palliation if names had been suppressed. But this even has not been done. "The mystic veil which hides the *penetralia* of courtly and aristocratic society was lifted for her eyes, and she was facilitated in her observations and experiences to a degree seldom awarded to an American before." And this is the return she makes for it. Why, the lady's own acknowledgment of its being "the *penetralia*" within the mystic veil that hides which she was admitted, were of itself enough to condemn what she has done. By *penetralia* is meant "the recesses or innermost parts of any place, as a palace, etc."—and, of course, of a mansion of any kind: hence, says an eminent lexicographer, with reference to the word, "the hidden things or secrets." So that this lady—towards whom we disclaim any discourtesy whatever—of whom we are speaking simply and entirely as the authoress of these volumes—has revealed "hidden things and secrets" to which she was admitted as a private friend. We are exceedingly sorry to have to make these remarks; but we feel the force of their truth, and as impartial critics are bound to give utterance to them.

As a gossiping book about Europe, it is all very well; nay, we have no doubt these volumes of Madame Le Vert's will have very great attractions in certain circles. She is a lively narrator of what she meets with; and, although she tells many an oft-told tale, and communicates little of public interest that was not known before, still her two volumes are very readable, and will be read extensively, we do not doubt, by the curious and the fashionable. We shall give a few extracts. And first her account of

HYDE PARK.

After driving for hours through the thronged portions of the city, and the aristocratic streets of the West End, we came to Hyde Park, and entered it by the archway. The park takes its name from "Hyde," the property once of the monks of Westminster. Near the grand entrance is Apsley House, the residence of the "Iron Duke." In front of the mansion stands the monument in memory of his glorious achievements. The western windows are covered over with plates of iron. During the agitation of the Reform Bill the mob assembled before the house and broke in the windows. The Duke of Wellington had the wooden shutters replaced by sheets of iron, which he would never have removed. He was the Prime Minister then, but after that day's outrage gave up his power into the hands of the Queen. Just within the park is a statue of Achilles cast by Sir R. Westmacott from the cannon taken in Spain and at Waterloo. It was paid for by a subscription among the ladies, and inscribed "to Arthur, Duke of Wellington, and his brave companions in arms, by the women of England." The park contains four hundred acres, and has many noble trees, and grass as fresh and green as the famous "Blue Grass" of Ashland, near Lexington, Kentucky. There are roads through it which are thronged at the fashionable hours with gorgeous equipages and horsemen. Rotten Row (from the French "Route du Roi") is reserved for those on horseback. The Queen's carriage is alone permitted in this exclusive place. From two o'clock until six it is filled with fair *equestriennes*. We left our carriage and walked along Rotten Row. What a brilliant scene it was! There were multitudes of people walking upon the smooth cut grass, as soft and yielding as velvet, and hundreds and hundreds riding. The English women look admirably well on horseback. There is a style and grace about them peculiarly adapted to this exercise. Their round hats and close-fitting amazons are exceedingly becoming. Many were attended by their grooms only, while others were riding side by side with some gallant cavalier. Some were dashing along in a rapid gallop, and others sauntering quietly and pleasantly in earnest talk. In the park is the Serpentine River. There were many boats upon it, skimming over the waters like so many swallows. On the bank of the little river is a house built by a society, where persons are stationed constantly, to save the lives of those who may accidentally fall in, or purposely tumble or plunge therein to rid themselves of the burden of life by this mode of suicide. Boats and drags are in readiness, and many are thus rescued from death. It was an evening of unusual loveliness, and the Queen, Prince Albert, and their royal guests, the King and Queen of Hanover, the

Crown Prince and Princess of Prussia, and their handsome young son, Prince Frederick William, were driving in Rotten Row, amid a throng of fine horsemen, and brilliant dashing *equestriennes*. In the park were the gorgeous equipages of the aristocracy, and under the old trees groups of the people, with their children and wives. O, what a blessing to life are these parks of London! They are indeed the "lungs" of the great city. They are indescribably beautiful, and the most enjoyable spots of earth.

Madame Le Vert would seem not only to have had generally an acquaintance with the highest circles abroad, but to have enjoyed the rare and enviable distinction of obtaining familiar access to the very *élite* of such circles. She had become acquainted, it seems, with Lady Emmeline Stuart Wortley, during her visit to this country, some years ago. That accomplished lady, since unhappily deceased, was the daughter, as many of our readers may remember, of the Duke of Rutland, and our authoress thus describes

THE RUTLAND FAMILY.

The Rutland family are amongst the noblest and highest of England. They are cultivated, elegant, and refined, and more hospitable people I have never met. We have just returned from a delightful party, to which we were invited by Lady John Manners, the lovely wife of Lord John, second son of the Duke of Rutland. The party was brilliant and magnificent, and we were enchanted by the charming manner in which we were received. A number of persons were presented to us, who welcomed us so kindly we felt no more as strangers. Lady John Manners is very beautiful. She is tall and graceful; her complexion fair, her eyes "deeply, darkly blue," and her hair perfectly black. It was fastened around her head in broad Grecian braids, and then encircled by a coronet of diamonds. Her manner is refreshingly natural and genial. As she stood by the side of her noble husband, I thought of the remark of the divine who married them: "I have never united in marriage a more handsome couple." They were indeed fitly mated, in youth, in intellect, and in high position. Lord John Manners has a noble, high-bred air. He is an exceedingly handsome man, resembling very much the pictures of Lord Byron, to whom he is of kindred. His eyes are of singular beauty and eloquence of expression; his dark hair clusters in close curls around his lofty and poetic brow. He is said to be the original of D'Israeli's "Coningsby." He told me how affectionately his sister (Lady Emmeline) cherished the remembrance of her American friends. There were a number of distinguished persons present, and I was highly gratified to meet D'Israeli, and to hear his bright and sparkling conversation. He has a strongly marked Hebrew face, with brilliant eyes, and intensely black hair.

Royalty itself was not inaccessible to our authoress, such were the pre-eminent advantages she enjoyed during her sojourn in the British metropolis. She owed that advantage mainly, it would appear, to the then American Minister to the Court of St. James's, Mr. Ingersoll, whom she describes as "a fine specimen of a fine, frank, honest, agreeable, and intelligent American gentleman. His niece, Miss Willcocks," she adds, "an interesting woman, dispenses the hospitality of his mansion in Portland-place, with a graceful cordiality very captivating to her country people, and extremely admired by the distinguished circles of society who often assemble there." Through Mr. Ingersoll, it would seem, she obtained access to what she calls "the brilliant spectacle of a state ball" given by Queen Victoria. She thus describes

A STATE BALL AT BUCKINGHAM PALACE.

At nine, our excellent Minister and his niece, with the attachés of legation, called for me, and in our respective carriages we drove through St. James's Park to Buckingham Palace. Long lines of soldiers were drawn up near the entrance, and gentlemen in elegant costumes ushered us into the cloak-room. We stood some time looking at the distinguished and royal personages as they entered; only those, and the diplomatic corps, and the members of the Queen's household, passed that way. After a brief delay, we ascended the great staircase; on each side of the marble steps, masses of flowers were placed, so arranged they formed immense beds of gorgeous hue. Entering the state apartments, we tarried in the yellow drawing-room until ten o'clock. Then the guests withdrew from the centre of the room, leaving a clear space like an avenue between the hedges of splendidly-dressed women. As we thus stood in eager expectation, the plate-glass doors of the saloon were thrown open; the Lord Chamberlain, with a golden rod in his hand, walked in backwards, the band struck up "God save the Queen," and Victoria, sovereign over many millions of people, entered. By her side was the Queen of Hanover, then the Crown Princess of Prussia, and the Duchess of Gloucester. Next came the Duchess of Kent, and the Princess Mary of Cambridge; the Duchess of Cambridge and the Princess of Hohenlohe; the Duchess of Saxe-Coburg Gotha

* This lady is since deceased.

and the Duchess of Sutherland; then all the maids of honour and ladies in waiting. After these came Prince Albert and the King of Hanover; the Prince Edward of Saxe-Weimar and the Duke of Coburg Gotha; the Duke of Mecklenburg Strelitz and the Prince of Hohenlohe; the Duke of Cambridge, noble lords, gentlemen in waiting, foreign ambassadors and ministers. Queen Victoria moved gracefully along, smiling and bowing in a kind, cordial manner, to the right and to the left. Reaching the throne-room, she ascended the canopied *haut pas*, where she seated herself, surrounded by her royal guests. The throne-room was a spacious and noble saloon, hung with crimson satin, the lofty ceiling supported by marble columns, and richly emblazoned; while around it was a frieze (also of white marble), representing the "Wars of the Roses." It was brightly illuminated by the light which came from crystal globes and golden candelabra. Dazzling was the scene around me, resplendent as day with flashing diamonds and sparkling gems. There were more than two thousand guests; every lady in magnificent toilette, and every gentleman in court-dress, or in uniform. Soon delightful music from Jullien's band (led by the famous composer himself) filled the grand apartment with its exquisite strains. Then the Lord Chamberlain waved his golden wand, the crowd drew back, and a large quadrille was formed, which consisted of her Majesty and all her royal visitors. Queen Victoria is much handsomer than painters have represented her. She is not tall, but her form is of graceful symmetry; and her bust, arms, and feet, are beautiful. A bright and beaming smile lights up her face. Then there is such an air of honest, earnest goodness about her—a genial manner, so lovely and loveable—"my heart was quickly won," and sincerely could I have exclaimed, like her own loyal subjects, "God save the Queen." . . . During the dancing of the second quadrille, the Lord Chamberlain was introduced to me, and, after some pleasant words were exchanged, he remarked: "As you are the only person here, not present at the last drawing-room, I will have the pleasure, Madam, of presenting you to her Majesty." Of course I was delighted at this unexpected and unusual compliment, as presentations at a state-ball are not frequent. When the dance was over, and the Queen seated again, the Lord Chamberlain waved his wand of authority, and the company drew back, leaving a space vacant in front of the throne; then I approached, and was presented to her Majesty, who advanced and greeted me in the most gracious and kind manner, smiling sweetly as I curtsied low before her, and then passed on to the group of distinguished and royal personages who encircled her throne. That presentation was a bright and enchanting incident to me, and my heart bounded with glad and gratified emotions, as I gazed upon the amiable and lovely Queen. She is indeed worthy of the almost adoring affection her people have for her.

But it is time we were done with our quotations, interesting though we have no doubt they will be to many of our readers. Yet we cannot close them without quoting what she says, with reference to her intercourse with the English, as to the feeling that is commonly entertained towards this country. "Everywhere," she observes, "we have heard English people express pride and gratification at the onward progress of the United States. We heard much," she adds, "ere we came, of the prejudice against us; but from our own experience it is a fiction. As a mother rejoices in the renown of her children, so does England look with satisfaction upon America. How can it be otherwise? English blood flows in our veins—their language is ours, their religion is ours—their poets and great men are also our treasures."

And now, before we are done, let us make known who the lady is to whom we are sure, notwithstanding all that we have said that is unfavourable, so many of her countrywomen will feel grateful for the treat she has afforded them in these volumes:—

Madame Octavia Walton Le Vert is, perhaps, more widely known, in a social way, than any other American lady. Born in Georgia, the grandchild of that Walton who was both sage and soldier in the Revolution, and whose name is immortal on the Chart of American Freedom, she had from her infancy the highest social and intellectual advantages. Reared to womanhood at Pensacola, she received the most thorough instruction, and became fully versed not only in her native tongue, but in the French, Spanish, and Italian languages, speaking and writing them with accuracy and elegance. The presence of the Navy officers at Pensacola gave a great charm to the society there, and under the most propitious auspices the young flower expanded to light and beauty. The gifts of personal loveliness were hers in a very high degree; but her intellectual accomplishments, and the perpetual sunshine of a gay and joyous spirit, always amiable, kind, and considerate, gave to their possessor her chief charms. Visiting the principal cities of the Union, and the principal points of fashionable resort, Miss Walton became widely known, ad-

mired, and beloved. At Washington City she was early honoured by the warm friendship of Mr. Clay, which continued until his death,—an event that drew from his fair friend one of the most touching and eloquent tributes to his memory. Mr. Calhoun also was exceedingly kind to the "gifted daughter of the South," as he was pleased to call her, and particularly admired a series of sketches of distinguished Senators, Representatives, and Statesmen, whom she had met at the Federal Capital,—a work which we regret has never been published.

All this we read in the Publishers' Preface, which further informs us that this gifted lady "became the wife of Dr. Henry S. Le Vert, a learned and eminent physician of Mobile, Alabama. A circle of beautiful children," it is added, "sprang up around them, and claimed the constant care and nurture of their mother. In the

performance of this part has been one of the chief beauties of her life. At the same time, she has filled the highest social position, and dispensed the most enlarged hospitality. No stranger of distinction has visited Mobile for years without seeking her acquaintance, and receiving the most cordial kindness. This has made her friends in every part of the world, and among the most influential personages."

The volumes therefore are, on these and other accounts, full of interest, especially to American ladies. We regret that we should be drawn into what may appear so ungallant a course as that of saying anything in censure of such a publication; but we do think that the custom which it so eminently illustrates, of revealing to the world, through such *Souvenirs*, our intercourse with

friends in their most private and domestic relations, is one "more honoured in the breach than the observance."

The Life of Handel. By VICTOR SCHÖLCHER. New York: Mason, Brothers. 1857.

MESSRS. MASON, the New York publishers, have paid M. Scholcher the compliment of republishing his valuable work for the American market. We have little doubt that *The Life of Handel* will be popular among the inhabitants of the States, who are a music-loving race; and, remembering the high position and character for fair dealing which the firm of Messrs. Mason possesses, we shall be surprised if we do not hear that the author has reaped some advantage from this extended popularity.

SCIENCE, ART, MUSIC, THE DRAMA, &c.

SCIENCE AND INVENTIONS.

THE FORTNIGHT.

THE many accidents that occur on railways which might, possibly, in many cases be prevented if there were any means of communication between the guard and engine-driver, and also if the passengers could give information of anything going wrong in their several compartments, have compelled attention to the subject, and many plans have been suggested. The general defect displayed is their complication. Professor Gluckman patented a very effective electric signal; but, as it required considerable electrical skill on the part of those who used it, naturally enough it has not been extensively carried out. Mr. Fitzgerald put forward an ingenious application of the pneumatic principle; but on trial it was abandoned, on account of the difficulty experienced in making air-tight couplings which could easily be connected and disconnected in making up a train: there were also other defects.

Dr. Gray brought the subject before the mechanical section of the British Association at Dublin, and explained a new railway-signal, the idea of which originated with Mr. Dillon. It is founded on the pneumatic principle, the original idea being, "that if a permanent exhaustion could be maintained in a tube placed along the train, terminating in a cylinder at the engine, signals could be given with greater ease and certainty, by the mere admission of air so as to destroy the exhaust." The apparatus consists of a box, through which there is a circular opening about five inches in diameter, and a red bar hung across the opening. This red bar was the semaphore; and when out of sight it was an indication that all was right; when it was thrown across the field of vision it was a signal of danger. The box was placed on the engine in front of the driver, and from hence an air-tube passed along the carriages to the pump in the guard's van. When the pump exhausted the tube and cylinder, the red bar was lifted out of view, and at the same time turned a cock which shut off the steam from the whistle; but when it was thrown down it opened the cock, and let the steam on to the whistle. It was stated that this apparatus had been in operation for some time on an engine on the Midland Great Western Railway; but it must be evident that the defect of complication exists, and the liability to derangement is constant. Besides, there are no means afforded by which the passengers could communicate with the guard. Mr. Myers has lately exhibited a model-carriage, with his system of railway signals attached, at the Royal Polytechnic Institution. There are three processes combined in this system: first, a signal from the passenger to the guard; secondly, from the guard to the engine-driver, and *vice versa*; and, lastly, from the station to the train. The two last come under the category of complication, and to be carried out would entail necessarily considerable expense, although the system of signals is no doubt complete. The plan by which the passengers may communicate with the guard is both ingenious and simple. To each carriage there is attached outside an ordinary danger signal, working on a pivot; there is a communication from this with each compartment of the carriage. In the event of an accident, by pressing a peg, the signal, which usually lies horizontally, rises at once perpendicularly, and

is presented to the full view of the guard. In order to prevent this danger signal being used improperly, the part to be pressed is protected by a glass, which must be broken in order to use the signal; and this would necessarily lead to detection, should any one wantonly break the glass to use the signal, but which, of course, must be done in a case of real danger. A plan proposed by Mr. T. Allan, of the Adelphi, for effecting a communication between the guard and engine-driver, has the great merit of simplicity. It is the application of the magnetic current along a wire, in the same way as is used for ordinary telegraphic communication; the code of signals is limited to three, which are all that are necessary. This apparatus is now commonly left in charge of policemen on the different lines of railway, and there is no particular skill required in manipulation. Surely, where the lives of so many individuals are in constant jeopardy, the best part of several plans might be adopted, and thus insure to the public greater safety in travelling.

The decimal system of coinage and measurement, so strongly advocated by some, seems to have been kept in abeyance by the impossibility of determining the unit. If the pound is taken as the basis, the penny is extinguished; and if the penny is adopted, the pound must give way—thus there are difficulties on both sides. A proposal is now made for a compromise, so as to combine the advantages of the decimal and duodecimal systems. It is proposed to decimalise the silver coinage only to the cent or tenth of a florin, and divide the cent into twelve parts, and thus five twelfths of a cent would be a penny. The half-penny and farthing would be erased, and fifths of a penny substituted. For weight, ten ounces are offered as the basis, the ounce itself to be divided into twelve parts. For capacity, the half-pint is proposed to be adopted as the basis or unit of liquid measure, to be divided into twelve parts or drachms; and for length, in any change, land or surface measure is made the basis, in which the chain already exists. Taking five links, this length is 39.6 inches, and exactly eleven tenths of a yard, being also nearly the French metre. This length to be divided into ten hands, and the hand into twelve parts. It is evident that in whatever way the change of system is proposed to be made, it must be attended with some difficulties which can only be overcome by the force of custom.

In the proposal lately made to adopt the Atlantic Cable for the purpose of effecting immediate telegraphic communication with India, a question has arisen whether the cable would be subjected to any danger from crossing the tropics, Sir W. B. O'Shaughnessy, the Superintendent of Telegraphs in India, has made a statement to the effect that there would be liability to injury from the heat. In 1853, 700 miles of gutta percha, covered with wire, were sent out to India in sailing vessels. On opening the cases it was found that the gutta percha had been softened, and the copper wire in many places had been forced through it. But a still further change was in progress: the gutta percha became brittle, gradually broke off from the wire when bent, and lost all its insulating power, so that 500 miles of the wire were rendered useless. This change of the gutta percha from the plastic to the brittle state is due to oxidation. In its natural state gutta percha contains carbon 88.10, hydrogen 12.40; when altered by prolonged heat—two substances are formed.

No. 1, carbon 62.79, hydrogen 9.29, oxygen 27.92; No. 2, carbon 69.70, hydrogen 10.09, oxygen 22.20. These substances are useless as insulators. Sir W. B. O'Shaughnessy also states that he sees no difficulty in manufacturing a cable in which this tendency to oxidation and the influence of heat might not be counteracted.

MUSIC AND MUSICIANS.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC CHIT-CHAT.

THE New York papers describe Mr. Charles Mathews's first appearance at the Broadway Theatre. His many friends feared that the Broadway Theatre was scarcely fitted to his style of acting, or the class of pieces in which he performs. The result has scarcely fulfilled these predictions. The house was crowded.—It is Mr. Lumley's intention to open Her Majesty's Theatre during the months of January and February, in anticipation of the regular season. Sig. Arditì is engaged as conductor for three years in lieu of Sig. Bonetti. Sig. Arditì is equally well known at Constantinople and New York.—M. Jullien's Concerts are to commence this winter at Drury-lane Theatre.—Mr. Balfe is busily engaged upon a new opera for the Lyceum Theatre—*libretto* (a translation of course) by Mr. A. Harris.—Mlle. Eufrosina Parepa, who appeared once this year at the Royal Italian Opera (as Elvira in the *Puritani*), and who was formerly *prima donna* at the St. Carlos, Lisbon, is engaged to replace Mad. Ortolani-Valandris (now with Mr. Lumley), in the same capacity at the Opera of Madrid.—We are promised an Indian opera buffa at the St. James's Theatre. It will be under the direction of Signor Ronzani, of Turin. The company is numerous, although the names are yet unknown to fame in these latitudes, and the list of operas to be performed comprised many pieces quite new to an English audience. The season commences on the 3rd proximo with Fioravanti's opera buffa, "Columella," and Donizetti's "Il Campanello."—Capellmeister Liatz proposes, with the assistance of Herr Milde, Flüger, Bossmann, and some others, to found a musical Conservatorium in Weimar.—Herr Anstutz, a celebrated Viennese actor, has just received the knightly order of Franz Joseph from the Emperor of Austria. It is the first time that an actor in Austria has had an order conferred upon him.

LITERARY NEWS.

MACAULAY'S History is about to be reissued; seven volumes at 6s. each, instead of four at 18s. as at present.—A small book has lately been published at Wetzlar, called "Eight small Poems by Goethe, published for the first time, with explanations by Theodore Bergk." These eight poems, which originally appeared in the *Iris* when under Jacobi's management, and have been always ascribed to other authors, are believed to be the genuine production of Goethe.—Baron Humboldt, in an answer to a telegraphic congratulation on his last birthday from the German naturalists assembled at Bonn, has communicated to the meeting that a new part of "Cosmos" (being the first section of the fourth and last volume), is to appear in the course of the present month. It will contain, in about forty printed sheets, the introductory chapters of a detailed

description of the various telluric phenomena—thus presenting, with the second section of this volume still to follow, the counterpart to the detailed picture of Uranology, as given in the third volume.

There is some intention of requesting Lord Macaulay to honour the corporation of Cambridge by accepting the office—almost honorary—of High Steward. This office has become vacant by the death of Earl Fitzwilliam.—The Bishop of London has presented the Rev. Dr. Stebbing to the rectory of St. Mary Somerset, Upper Thames-street. Dr. Stebbing was personally a stranger to the Bishop, and it is said that the appointment has been made chiefly in recognition of his well-known literary zeal and industry.—Dr. Charles Mackay, the song-writer, left Liverpool on the 3rd instant on his way to the United States and Canada. A series of letters and sketches of his travels will be transmitted to the *Illustrated London News*. In America Dr. Mackay is going to lecture on "Songs," and to read a new narrative poem. Our Transatlantic cousins will doubtless give a welcome reception to the author of "The Lump of Gold," and "Under Green Leaves." The "Songs for Music" have been as great favourites in America as in this country.—Dr. Williams, warden of New College, Oxford, has been reappointed by the Chancellor of the University of Oxford, to the office of Vice-Chancellor for the ensuing academical year.—Baron Liebig, the celebrated chemist, has received the order of Charles the Third from the Queen of Spain.

The Rev. Dr. Goulburn, Head Master of Rugby, having intimated his intention of retiring at the close of this year, ten candidates have sent in their testimonials to the trustees.—The meeting of the British Association for 1859 is to be held at Aberdeen, General Sabine having received from Sir James Clark a communication expressing the willingness of the Prince Consort to accept the office of President when formally proposed to him by the Council next year.—The friends of Dr. Hodgkin, who is much esteemed in scientific and professional circles, had subscribed nearly 250*l.* for a portrait or some other testimonial, when Dr. Hodgkin begged that the sum might be devoted to the foundation of a prize in connexion with the school of the Royal Medical Benevolent College. The list is therefore reopened to receive further subscriptions for this commendable purpose.—By direction of the Benchers of the Inner Temple, the building materials of chambers, formerly occupied by Dr. Johnson, on the first floor of No. 1, Inner Temple-lane, were offered to public competition last week. The auctioneer announced, at the commencement of the proceedings, that the celebrated "Dr. Johnson staircase" was withdrawn from the sale, the Benchers having determined to retain possession of the staircase from the entrance to the first floor, the wainscoting, banisters, &c., and the carved wood over the door, with pilasters, &c., forming the external doorway, and would keep them as long as the Temple existed, although they were obliged to be removed from their present position. The boarded and timber floor, on which the learned doctor and his literary friends had so often walked, with the windows, doors, moulded panel partition, &c., sold at 10*l.* 5*s.*—In reference to the subject of colonial copyright, the *Publisher's Circular* remarks that the extension of the book post to the colonies may be made available to the injury of publishers, by facilitating the transmission to this country of American reprints *via* the colonies. An instance of this having occurred is given by a correspondent of the *Athenæum*, who cites a case in which reprints of Borrow's "Lavengro" and "Romany Rye" were reprinted in Toronto, and reached this country in due course, and it would seem without any examination.

DRAMA, PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS, &c.

SADLER'S WELLS.—*Love's Labour's Lost*: a comedy, by Shakspeare.—Mrs. Charles Young, &c. &c.

The revival of *Love's Labour's Lost*, by Mr. Phelps, is a bold experiment, after the failure of that work as an acting play when it was produced at Covent Garden, under the management of Madame Vestris. This has hitherto been considered, indeed, to be the most intractable of all Shakspeare's works. Even among the most enthusiastic admirers of the bard, it has

been regarded more in the light of a literary curiosity than as a piece likely to prove attractive when bodied out in flesh and blood upon the stage. The experiment at Sadler's Wells will, however, go far to dissipate this error—for error I deem it to be. *Love's Labour's Lost*, despite its real deficiencies of plot and apparent want of purpose, is, in my opinion, one of the most humorous and instructive of all Shakspeare's comic works.

I believe that the great poet designed this play for the purpose of wiping off several old scores—against the dramatists who immediately preceded him, against the still more ancient dramatists, against the fantastical euphuists of the Court, and against the pedantry of the would-be learned, which derived no little encouragement from the fact that there was a blue-stocking upon the throne. When Biron says:

Our wooing doth not end like an old play;
Jack hath not Jill—

he gives the keynote to the whole business. It is not like "an old play," nor did Shakspeare design it to be so: the heroes and heroines are not left to wed and live happy after; but, on the contrary, they have a long probation of a year before them—time enough for a many of those slips which are proverbially said to interpose between the cup and the lip. For once, Shakspeare determined to show that it was in the natural order of things that five acts did not always afford time enough to make "a world-without-end bargain" in.

The play within the play, that is, *The Nine Worthies*, may be taken as a sample of the old moral plays, such as "The Four P's," "Ferrex and Porrex," &c. Don Armado, the bragging fanfaronading Spaniard, is an exaggerated Sir Piercie Shafton; and Holofernes a pedant, who, whilst he despises the conceit of the military euphuist, cannot see the absurdity of his own equally ridiculous jargon.

Mr. Phelps's conception of the part of Don Armado is original and curious. It is not a pleasing picture, but I do not know that it would be possible to make a better. Taking a hint from the description which Holofernes gives of the Spaniard's habit of pronouncing calf "cauf," he makes him draw out every word to the full extremity, and beyond it. The bombastical part of the character is well conceived, and artistically sustained throughout. The King of Navarre and his companions are well supported by Messrs. F. Robinson, Marston, Belford, and Haywell. Mr. Robinson especially sustains his part with that dignity and ease which make him one of the most effective members of Mr. Phelps's company. Mr. Marston, too, is excellent in the Mercutio-like Biron. The Boyet of Mr. Ray is one of the best impersonations in the cast. Cringing without degradation, sportive without ever losing his place, he is in truth the "honey-tongued Boyet"—one that hath

Kiss'd away his hand in courtesy.

The part of Costard falls to the lot of Mr. Lewis Ball, and is admirably rendered by him. He makes him what he is—a clown with a shrewd mother-wit; and he never commits the fault to which low comedians are so prone through ambition—exaggeration. Sir Nathaniel and Holofernes are represented by Mr. Fenton and Mr. Williams; the former doing what little he has to do with intelligence and discretion, and the latter making quite a creation of the pedantic schoolmaster. Nothing could be more naturally artificial than Mr. Williams's impersonation of the worshipper of "the good old Mantuan."

And now for the ladies. The part of the Princess is given to Mrs. Charles Young, a lady from Australia, for whom the English stage is greatly indebted to Mr. Coppin. To a pleasing presence, graceful carriage, and sweet, feminine voice, Mrs. Young adds that indispensable quality in an actress, a perfect comprehension of her author. Unless I am greatly mistaken, this lady is destined to take a very high place upon our stage—and truly we have need of a good actress nowadays. The three attendant ladies are played with infinite spirit and humour by Misses Fitzpatrick, Caroline Parkes, and Rawlings. Jibes and jests sit as naturally upon their pretty lips as kisses and comfits: neither the shrewd Biron nor the "honey-tongued Boyet" hath a chance with them. If Miss Eliza Travers would be content with the natural graces which she possesses, her Jacquenetta might be not only tolerable, but pleasing; but she ought to be told, if she does not know, that

country lasses do not kick their heels to a level with their waists as a usual style of locomotion. Little Moth, last in place, least in person, but not least in talent, is admirably given by Miss Rose Williams, a little creature of marvellous and precocious ability. In the catalogue of artists I must not omit to make mention of Miss Eva Brent, who personifies the mythological character of Ver, and obtained a well-merited encore for her admirable rendering of the Cuckoo-Song.

From the praise which I am compelled to give to almost every part in this admirable performance, the reader will understand that not the least pleasing part of the business is the very equal manner in which the whole is sustained. Where all are good there can be no violent contrasts; and in this case nearly all are good. The pleasure which the spectator derives from the well-acted parts is seldom disturbed by any offence against his critical taste.

The dresses and scenery are worthy of the occasion, and creditable to the management. In a word, for any true lover of Shakspeare who has the opportunity to omit paying a visit to Sadler's Wells during the performance of *Love's Labour's Lost* would be flat heresy against our glorious bard.

JACQUES.

OBITUARY.

CUSTINE, the Marquis de, author of the well-known work on Russia, which some years ago made a certain sensation, died at his chateau of St. Gratien, near Pau. He was the son of General Marquis de Custine, who was condemned to death in the great revolution.

LICHTENSTEIN, Dr., the director of the Royal Zoological Museum at Kiel, at the ripe age of seventy-eight, fifty of which he had spent in active duty in one employment. He was born in Hamburg on the 10th of January 1780, and was chosen in 1811 Professor of Zoology at the newly-founded museum at Berlin. He was director of the Royal Holostein Museum from 1813, and was besides author of a popular book of travels in Africa.

SCHWEIGER, Herr, the learned Professor of Physics in Halle, on September 6. He laboured long and successfully in science, and is best known to the world by his discoveries in crystal-electricity, and by the construction of an electromagnetic multiplier, which bears his name.

BOOKS RECENTLY PUBLISHED.

Blessington's (Countess of) *Lottery of Life*, 8vo. 2s. 6d.
Bohn's Hist. Lib.: *Jesse's Court of the Stuarts*, Vol. III. 6s. cl.
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Phillips and Darlington's *Mining and Metallurgy*, 12mo. 6s. cl.
Practical Paris Guide, 12mo. 1s. swd.
Preacher's Portfolio, fcp. 8vo. 3s. 6d. 6d.
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Robert Dawson, or the Brave Spirit, 12mo. 2s. 6d. cl.
Walworth's Sermons, 8vo. 10s. 6d. cl.
West's Essay on the Tides, 12mo. 4s. half-bd.

DEATH OF GEORGE IV.—No man clung to life with greater eagerness than George IV., or was more unwilling to hear from those about him any hint or suspicion of his apparent decay. When confined to his room, and his case had become evidently hopeless, he still felt the vital stamina so strong in him that he would not believe his own danger: he talked of preparations for the approaching Ascot races, which he would attend in person, and showed a confidence in his recovery which all around him knew to be impossible. On the 27th of May, 1830, prayers were ordered to be read in the churches for the restoration of the King's health; and, though the work of

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death was gradually approaching, the most contradictory accounts were constantly circulated of his real state. At length the awful moment arrived. He went to bed without any particular symptom on the night of the 25th of June, but at three o'clock in the morning he seemed to awake in great agitation, and called for assistance. Sir Wathen Waller, who was in attendance, came to his bedside, and, at his request, helped to raise him from his bed. He then exclaimed, "Watty, what is this? It is death! They have deceived me!" and in that situation, without a struggle, expired.—*Raikes.*

FINE ART ORNAMENTATION OF WATCHES.—The improvement in the style of the designs engraved on the dials and backs of watches is becoming remarkable. The engine-turned ornaments, heretofore so much resorted to for the embellishment of the watch-case, have become nearly obsolete; and the strides which public taste has made towards a higher order of art are also manifested by the rejection of the greater portion of the mass of merely ingenious scrolls and rectilinear figures with which manufacturers have of late so profusely embellished their productions. The public now demand that an educated taste shall be shown in the ornamentation of the watch. Indeed, there is here for the designer full scope for the display of a high order of art; for it may now be regarded as one of the most important of our art manufactures. The proper appreciation of art by the manufacturer is first requisite before the public taste can be gratified. These remarks have been suggested to us by some recent visits we have made to some of our metropolitan manufacturers' show-rooms. Amongst those visited we found none more deserving a special mention than the premises of Mr. J. W. Benson, of 33 and 34, Ludgate-hill. The beauty and novelty of his designs, engraved on the cases of his watches, which he now appears to give especial attention to, certainly surpass anything of the kind which has heretofore come under our inspection. The variety of his stock is something enormous. Not only may the connoisseur here meet with the most exquisite designs, but the utilitarian will find an ample choice of plain watches, while each will find, in the high standing of Mr. Benson as a City manufacturer, ample guarantee of the intrinsic value of the mechanism. Here, indeed, may be found the buyer's desideratum, excellence of design and perfection in workmanship. The very spacious show-rooms contain a complete exposition of modern manufactures in gold and silver, and are one of the striking features of Ludgate-hill.—*Morning Chronicle.*

AN ATLAS GRATIS WITH THE DISPATCH.—On and after Sunday, October 4th, 1857, each copy of the Dispatch will be accompanied with a coloured map, a chart, or the plan of a principal town, so as to furnish to each subscriber, gratis, a most comprehensive, complete, and useful atlas. The size of the engravings will be that of one page of the newspaper. Six maps and two plans, in each year, will be of double the size. It is hoped, in the course of a short time, that the "Dispatch Atlas" will contain more names and positions of places than any other English publication of the kind. The counties will be given separately, and, where large, divided. Within the first four months, India will be more accurately and completely delineated, in a series of nine maps, than in any British Atlas. The names of the artists will be the best guarantee for perfect accuracy. The engravings will be in the highest style of art, involving a cost of many thousands of pounds. Mechanics' Institutes, educational establishments, hotels, reading-rooms, and coffee-houses, will, in possessing the "Dispatch Atlas," be supplied with a daily want. The "Dispatch Atlas" will be forwarded gratis with the paper at the usual price—5d. per copy, or 6d. stamped. The Friday evening edition may be received in the most distant parts of the kingdom on Saturday morning.—Office, 139, Fleet-street, London.

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